

Medicinal Purposes, by Robert Ross

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[Part One]

OLD WOMAN: (Scots) Yes, and goodnight to you, Sergeant. Thank you for wasting my time. Ha! That told him. The look on his face when I told him. Fair made my day, that did. Ah, one little drop, or maybe two, of a night, can't do you any harm. Keeps the cold out. This fog gets into your bones and there's nothing you can do about it, nothing at all. Take a little drop or two of a night, just a little drop or two. Oh, you startled me, gents. Oh, it's you two. A cold night for a stroll, isn't it? Well, yes, it is. Would you care for an apple or two, Mister Burke? Anything for you, Billy Hare?

HARE: (Northern Irish) A firm no on both counts, woman, thank you.

OLD WOMAN: Ach, you two are such gentlemen. (laughs) It must be a long time since anyone said that about you two.

BURKE: (Southern Irish) Quite a long time, I think.

OLD WOMAN: Well, I must be going now, lads. Good night to you both.

HARE: I don't think so.

BURKE: You see, we need you.

OLD WOMAN: You want to do business at this hour?

HARE: That could be one way of putting it, yes.

(Knife drawn. Old woman screams.)

MARY: (laughs) The look on her face when she told him. I'm not that kind of lady, she said. Not that kind of lady.

JAMIE: Daft Jamie doesn't understand. What kind of lady was she, Mary?

(Note - This is David Tennant, who would become the 9th Doctor. Daft Jamie Wilson died in October 1828.)

MARY: Don't worry, my sweet. You'll never have to worry about what kind of lady she is, Daft Jamie. They call you daft, but you're lucky.

JAMIE: Lucky?

MARY: You haven't been spoiled by this place, horrible place.

JAMIE: Daft Jamie likes to laugh. Mary likes to laugh. I like to hear Mary laugh even more so than that.

MARY: Oh, Jamie, if I had the money I'd buy you a drink, but I don't have money.

JAMIE: Jamie doesn't need drink to be happy.

(Tavern door opens.)

MARY: You're the only one, sweetie. Hey, can we have a couple on account over here? That's charming, that is. Treating a lady of my breeding like that.

HARE: Mary, my little darling. If it's liquid refreshment you're after, I have the wherewithal right here. Three pounds should be more than enough to get anything your little heart desires.

MARY: Where did you get that?

HARE: Ah, well that would be telling, wouldn't it, me precious. Let's just say that when Billy Hare is summoned to be doing of a job, then he delivers with no questions asked.

MARY: You working? That's a new one, isn't it? You haven't done a stroke of work since you arrived in this rat infested hole. Apart from blending in rather too well.

HARE: Words of worthiness from a desperate harlot. I'm so wounded, my dear. Do you want it or don't you?

MARY: What have I got to do for it, Billy?

HARE: What do you think?

MARY: In that case, no. I don't think I could ever get that thirsty. You don't need a drink to be happy, you know.

JAMIE: Don't need a drink to be happy.

HARE: Who asked you! This place has got no right letting creatures like that sit in here. A club's for socialising of an evening, taking in the local beauty spots after a hard day. Rats should stay outside where they belong.

JAMIE: Rats do stay outside, most of the time. But who decides?

HARE: Who decides what?

JAMIE: Where things should belong.

HARE: In this city, at this time, I do.

MARY: So, how come I haven't picked up those lovely looking coins of yours, Mister Hare? Clear off, and take your no-good money with you.

HARE: High and mighty all of a sudden, Mary, but I'm watching you. I'm always watching you. I know what you're like after a few hours of hard, cold, sober reality. Don't you fret, dearie. When that last slug of gin has worn off, me coins'll still be looking lovely, and you'll come a-knocking. Then I'll be happy. And I won't need a drink, either.

DOCTOR: Good morning, Evelyn.

EVELYN: Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: Tinkering.

EVELYN: Tinkering?

DOCTOR: That is what I am doing. You just can't beat the satisfying sound of metal on metal.

EVELYN: You're quite the busy preoccupied bee.

DOCTOR: Really focuses the mind. Besides, she likes it, don't you, old girl. There, you see? I swear she understands every word I say.

EVELYN: Good heaven, you talk of her as though she's your favourite pet dog or something.

DOCTOR: More like a constant hand to hold. She's always been *the* woman to me.

EVELYN: Oh, thank you very much.

DOCTOR: Oh, come now, Evelyn. I didn't know you cared.

EVELYN: Doctor, behave yourself.

(Both laugh.)

EVELYN: Well, I just mean to say, how's a girl supposed to feel when a rickety old blue box holds more attraction.

DOCTOR: This rickety old blue box, as you call her, has been the only fixed point in my ever-changing world. Even my own people have let me down. You, my dear Evelyn, will let me down one day. Oh, not in a drastic way, perhaps, but you will find your own path to walk, and you will walk it without me.

EVELYN: Oh, here we go.

DOCTOR: Companions come and go. Some leave deeper imprints on my hearts than others. But you all go eventually. But not my old girl. She's the only one that shares all my memories.

(The Tardis materialises.)

EVELYN: What have you done, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Why is it always my fault? If the Tardis wants to land, then she lands.

EVELYN: Nothing to do with your relentless tinkering, then?

DOCTOR: Nothing at all. Although

EVELYN: Yes?

DOCTOR: No, this isn't good.

EVELYN: What?

DOCTOR: I think we've landed, but that was extremely unusual. She usually likes to jangle my nerve endings a bit, just for old times' sake. That was almost pleasant. And besides, that scanner is completely black.

EVELYN: Huh. Have you paid your licence, Doctor?

DOCTOR: When the scanner is completely black, it could mean anything. We might have materialised inside the body of a whale or something.

EVELYN: Or we may just have materialised inside a house at night, with the lights turned off.

DOCTOR: Yes, that as well. Something is definitely not right with all this. I suggest we dematerialise and say no more about it.

EVELYN: Oh, you're not going to tell me there's a threat of radiation or something, are you?

DOCTOR: No. At least, I don't think so.

EVELYN: So why all the mysterious concern?

(Tardis doors open.)

DOCTOR: Come on, then. She won't let me leave, anyway. I recognise the signs.

HARE: Ah, come on, Mary. Admit it. You need the money.

MARY: All right, Billy. I need the money. Happy now?

HARE: How about a nice gin, and we can talk.

MARY: Talk? I don't come in here for the conversation, and neither do you.

HARE: Can't a man be friendly once in a while, eh? One of these days, Mary. One of these days your thirst'll be unbearable. I know the signs, m'dear.

MARY: Oh yes, I was forgetting your medical training.

HARE: I know you, Mary. The drink has got you. The drink has got us all. What a wonderful way to go. You're leaving?

MARY: The drink may have me, but you won't, Billy boy. And there's still a few hours of business left. I'm off to find me a gentleman.

(Tavern door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: I never quite understand. If the scanner sets your suspicious radar off, why oh why do we always get out of the Tardis and have a look anyway?

DOCTOR: Initial fears, by their very nature, are never meant to last long. At least the darkness is satisfactorily explained. Some sort of tunnel, obviously.

EVELYN: Hello? (echoes)

DOCTOR: Do you have to?

EVELYN: When in a cliff-hanging situation, always go for the cliché. That's my motto.

DOCTOR: I still don't like this. There's a lingering sense of trepidation.

EVELYN: Oh yes, let's look on the bright side, Doctor. You were certainly right about something. It *is* dark. Conclusion being, the Tardis is not faulty, the machinery is perfectly normal, and the scanner is fully operational. It displayed exactly what it saw. Absolute darkness.

DOCTOR: Looks like some sort of ancient maze of catacombs, from the dawn of civilisation, probably.

EVELYN: Or just a railway tunnel.

DOCTOR: You are in a witty mood today, aren't you? Catacombs or not, where there's a light, there's a way.

EVELYN: Where?

DOCTOR: Follow me. Have I ever let you down before? Don't answer that. Give me your hand. I'll pull you out of this.

EVELYN: I can manage, thank you. Steps aren't a problem. Not quite yet, anyway. There.

DOCTOR: Oh, how quaint.

EVELYN: Catacombs? When have catacombs lead directly to a street, Doctor? Butchers, bakers.

DOCTOR: Definitely a city dwelling.

EVELYN: Wait a moment.

DOCTOR: What?

EVELYN: No candlestick makers.

DOCTOR: The one thing we could have done with. Must be some sort of drainage system, I suppose.

EVELYN: That could account for the lingering sense of trepidation.

DOCTOR: Hardly. Anyway, ours not to reason why, ours but to do.

EVELYN: Aren't you going to finish the quote?

DOCTOR: I'll try not to. The fact that that maze of underground systems exists is as far as I wish to take the matter. Its purpose is immaterial.

EVELYN: Again, not like the Doctor I know and love.

DOCTOR: Maybe I'm evolving, like a. Cobbled street. Interesting.

EVELYN: Like a what?

DOCTOR: It's a cobbled street. Looks authentic.

EVELYN: London?

DOCTOR: No. The air tastes too sweet for that. Cattle market, undoubtedly.

EVELYN: Cattle market?

DOCTOR: My dear Evelyn, that aroma couldn't be anything else.

EVELYN: And people live here?

DOCTOR: Cows aren't fussy, why should the people be? Besides, the cows are the least of their problems, I shouldn't wonder. Where there's muck, there's brass, and disease, and degradation. No birds singing. Winter migration, possibly? It's just too dark. Those acrid gas lamps. When in confusion, look to the stars, not the gutter. Evelyn, have you noticed anything?

EVELYN: Yes. you've been talking to yourself for the last five minutes.

DOCTOR: Look to the stars.

EVELYN: Good heavens.

DOCTOR: Fascinating, isn't it? A complete underground dwelling.

EVELYN: Do you think it's Wimbledon Common? Doctor, look at this. Doctor?

DOCTOR: Disease and degradation.

MARY: Hello, hello. A stranger in these parts. And a gentleman to boot, I'll be bound.

DOCTOR: A true gentleman would never admit it. May I say a good evening to you, madam, and ask, could you possibly

MARY: I'd be delighted. Makes my job so much more bearable when the clientèle are as dashing as you are, sir.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you. I'm delighted to meet you, too. Oh, I'm the Doctor, and

MARY: Oh, it's a doctor that you are, is it? Well, Doctor, would you care to examine me? I think I've been developing a cold on my chest. It's these icy winds we've been having.

DOCTOR: Ahem. Madam, please, I'm not that kind of

MARY: Oh, come now, Doctor. Every man is that kind. What, doesn't it happen across the border?

DOCTOR: Across the border?

MARY: You're not from these parts, that's for sure. I'd remember somebody like you. And that way you have about you, those manners, those clothes. Some toff from London, I'm guessing.

DOCTOR: That's very kind, but I really don't think

MARY: Oh, now don't tell me you're spoken for. Well, never mind. It can be our little secret, can't it?

DOCTOR: In a way, I mean, no, you don't understand. Evelyn.

EVELYN: I wondered how long it would take you to remember me.

MARY: Sorry, I'm sure.

DOCTOR: No, you misunderstand, young lady. This is not, I mean. Oh.

EVELYN: Honestly, I can't leave you alone for a minute, can I?

MARY: Oh, you poor soul. Listen, I'm usually at The Last Drop of an evening.

DOCTOR: The Last Drop?

MARY: The public house. You are a stranger around here, aren't you. Just your sort of place that is, my dear. Very select.

JAMIE: Very select.

MARY: What are you doing here?

JAMIE: Just following you. Thought it'd be all right to follow you. Last Drop's no fun without Mary.

MARY: How many times have I told you? Not when Mary's working. Be off with you.

JAMIE: Doctor interesting.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you, young man. You are very interesting too.

JAMIE: Doctor different.

EVELYN: Totally unique, I'd have said.

MARY: Now, Jamie, I've warned you. Not when I'm working. Leave the nice gentleman alone. Don't go spoiling things for Mary.

DOCTOR: Jamie? Did you say Jamie?

JAMIE: Doctor heard of Jamie? Jamie famous. Jamie would like to be famous.

DOCTOR: Well, I used to know a Jamie, my boy. It's an honourable name you have there. A very honourable name.

JAMIE: Jamie's famous.

DOCTOR: Famous? No, not really. He was important to me, mind. But then, fame isn't important. It's what you do for others. Jamie put himself in mortal danger for me many times. A very brave young man. I never told him that. Pity.

EVELYN: Pity is a very destructive emotion.

DOCTOR: Indeed.

JAMIE: Famous. Important.

MARY: Now, Jamie, come away. We shall meet again, yes?

DOCTOR: I'm certain of it, my dear.

MARY: (receding) Sometimes you really are daft, Daft Jamie.

DOCTOR: My Jamie was never daft. Reckless, perhaps. Wait a moment. Daft Jamie? Oh, it's all making sense now.

EVELYN: Not to me it isn't. You gently land us within a supposed catacomb, drag me out into a city-based farmyard, flirt with the local good time girl, and strike up a friendship with a decidedly odd looking young man. Not the most auspicious of starts, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What is it?

EVELYN: Oh, nothing. I just like a bit of a moan occasionally, I suppose.

DOCTOR: No, no, no. Before I was accosted by the local lifeform, you distinctly cried out, Doctor look at this.

EVELYN: Oh, you heard that, did you?

DOCTOR: Well, you have to forgive my lapses into self-indulgence when I'm soliloquising. It's my only weakness.

EVELYN: That and tinkering. Perhaps my insistence on leaving the Tardis wasn't such a good idea after all.

DOCTOR: Why?

EVELYN: Well, you have sort of ruined my impromptu moment, but, I've been looking in the gutter.

DOCTOR: And what did you see?

EVELYN: Look in the gutter, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Looks like blood. Smells like blood. And by golly, it is blood. Well?

EVELYN: Well?

DOCTOR: Yes, well of course there are a thousand and one explanations as to why a pool of blood, freshly spilt at that, could be contaminating the street here, but sadly not in this city. Not in this time.

There's only the one.

EVELYN: I give up. You obviously know what's going on, so put me out of my misery.

DOCTOR: It's not that I know exactly what's going on, but I may know what's going to happen. That young man, the one that that charming lady called Daft Jamie.

EVELYN: Extremely apt, in my humble opinion.

DOCTOR: That's as may be, but have you forgotten your British folklore?

EVELYN: Obviously.

DOCTOR: Daft Jamie, ladies of easy virtue, blood on the streets. It can only add up to one thing.

(Tavern door opens.)

HARE: May the saints preserve us. If it isn't Miss Mary, all wrapped up and with somewhere to go. Been busy, have we, my dear?

MARY: Mind your own, Billy Hare. It gets to the stage when a young lady can't come into a charming drinking establishment without being accosted by the local ruffians.

HARE: (laughs) I'm the local ruffian, all right. It just gives me a tingle of pleasure to imagine what you've been doing to afford to come back in here, that all. It's a small flight of fancy, but all me own.

MARY: Excuse me.

HARE: Where's that lop-sided loon that's always hanging around you, anyway?

MARY: I don't know to whom you refer.

HARE: That stupid moon-calf, Daft Jamie, who else.

MARY: Master Jamie is outside. He finds the company of the rats far more acceptable than the company of certain men I could point out.

HARE: And what about you, my pretty? Do you prefer the company of rats?

MARY: Those that can buy me a drink or two.

HARE: I told you earlier. Those three coins of mine are still as lovely looking as before. They'd look even more lovely in your fair hands, like something else I could mention.

MARY: A delightful image, I'm sure. You really are most kind, Mister Hare. I'll buy my own, thank you.

HARE: Buy your own, then. Some kind of duchess now, are you, swanning in here with your nose in the air. Well, let me tell you, my girl. You're no better than any of us. Certainly no better than me.

MARY: Oh, Mister Hare. I'm sure somebody out there may think you're important. I'd like to meet them, that's all. (laughs)

(Walking.)

EVELYN: Right, Doctor. Usually I'd follow you anywhere, and I don't complain that much, but it's pitch black, freezing cold, and we're in a graveyard. Why?

DOCTOR: Oh, my dear Evelyn, can you think of a better spot to check on a city's reputation for body snatching? We have graves, we may not have bodies. They may have been stolen. The first sign that a spot of grave-robbing is afoot.

EVELYN: Body stealing, surely.

DOCTOR: Stop being pedantic. It doesn't suit you.

EVELYN: What happened to your wanderlust to simply drift through Time and space? You didn't want to stay here at all five minutes ago. Now we're up to our necks in Gothic.

DOCTOR: What's happened to your spirit of adventure?

EVELYN: That's gone the same way yours had gone.

DOCTOR: Besides, I may have occasional doubts, but I have never and will never opt to scurry back into the Tardis, or anywhere else, come to that. The notion of me scurrying back anywhere. Just not in my nature.

EVELYN: (chuckles) Right. So we're in a Scottish graveyard. Now what?

DOCTOR: Mmm, very good. It is indeed a Scottish graveyard.

EVELYN: Thanks for the compliment. It wasn't exactly difficult. I didn't think your best pal Daft Jamie and your fancy woman were auditioning for Macbeth.

DOCTOR: The Scottish Play, if you don't mind.

EVELYN: I thought it was only supposed to be actors who were that superstitious?

DOCTOR: We are all actors at some stage, or on some stage, for that matter, are we not?
EVELYN: If you say so.
DOCTOR: And our stage is Edinburgh. An important chapter in this fair city's history to boot.
EVELYN: Naturally.
DOCTOR: Welcome to Greyfriars Graveyard.
EVELYN: And?
DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn. Think about it.
EVELYN: How about just telling me for once? For new times' sake.
DOCTOR: Have a scout round. Try and find some freshly turned-over graves, hmm? And then my suspicions will be confirmed. Well, wait. Look at that.
EVELYN: Yes. Freshly dug grave, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, but look at the handiwork. Look at the earth, piled up without a care. And more importantly, look at the coffin.
EVELYN: What about the coffin?
DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn, use your common sense. A mound of earth in a graveyard, not uncommon. A coffin in a graveyard, not uncommon. A mound of earth and an exposed coffin?
EVELYN: Uncommon?
DOCTOR: I would have said so.
EVELYN: Are you suggesting that the body in that coffin isn't there?
DOCTOR: A rather badly constructed sentence, but yes, I believe I *am* saying that. Shall we have a look?
EVELYN: Do we really have to?
DOCTOR: We really have to. You see? The top is partially away already. If this is the usual practise of the local gravedigger, I would suggest a job vacancy advertisement in the Edinburgh Post. Well, well, well.
EVELYN: Anything?
DOCTOR: Can't you see? Oh, Evelyn. Open your eyes. I'm surprised at you.
EVELYN: Surprised that I don't fancy the idea of looking at a corpse?
DOCTOR: But you won't be. You see? As I thought, the cupboard is bare. Quite literally. I'm really quite pleased you didn't take any notice of my silly trepidation back at the Tardis. I wouldn't have missed this for anything.
EVELYN: Your taste in hobbies is getting alarmingly concerning, Doctor. Grotesque, even. I don't call poking around in empty graves a particularly healthy pursuit for a grown man.
DOCTOR: Oh, but this empty grave is merely the beginning. I'm looking forward to meeting the two gentlemen responsible. The Williams Burke and Hare, if I'm right, and I so often am.
EVELYN: Burke and Hare! You mean the body-snatchers.
DOCTOR: Yes, I mean the body-snatchers. Come on. I've got a thirst in more ways than one.
EVELYN: But Doctor, you talk about Burke and Hare as though you're looking forward to meeting them.
DOCTOR: Exactly.
EVELYN: But they're criminals!
DOCTOR: Undoubtedly.
EVELYN: Murderers!
DOCTOR: Absolutely. But maybe not yet. Anyway, doesn't really matter. Either way, a thrill in store.
EVELYN: Oh.

(Tavern door opens and closes.)

HARE: Ah, here he comes. The rat returns from the sewer.
MARY: Jamie, come and sit by me. And Billy boy?
HARE: Yes, my sweet?
MARY: Would you kindly clear off.
HARE: For a lady, anything.
JAMIE: I'm really sorry I followed you, Mary. It won't happen again, I promise.
MARY: Not until the next time, it won't. Ach, don't worry about it. I don't think that strange gentleman was in the market.
JAMIE: But he was, Mary. He was in the market, plain as I'm seeing you.
MARY: Oh, my sweet Jamie.
JAMIE: He was looking at the blood.
HARE: Who was?
MARY: Billy Hare, would you mind not earwiggling in on our private conversation.

HARE: Hold your tongue, woman. Who was looking at the blood?
JAMIE: A new one.
HARE: What are you talking about? A new what? Come, boy.
JAMIE: A new one. And another new one. He said I had an hon, honourable
HARE: Will you shut up. What is he talking about, girl?
MARY: And who wants to know?
HARE: I do. And if I don't get an answer, I'll slit your delicate throat from this beautifully fashioned ear to the other one. Now, what's going on?
MARY: Well, it's like Jamie says. A fine gentleman and a lady, that's all.
JAMIE: Saw the blood.
MARY: What blood?
HARE: And what was their reaction to this blood, boy?
JAMIE: They saw the blood!
HARE: Damn.
MARY: I didn't see any blood, Billy, I swear.
HARE: Who was this man?
MARY: Just a stranger. A stranger from London, I reckon. A toff, a gentleman.
HARE: I don't like strangers. They've no right to be here, not now.
MARY: What's wrong with strangers? You were a stranger once. Maybe this'll change things for the better.
HARE: Change things? Huh. No one can change things. I need a drink. (heavy footsteps) No one can change things. No one.
KNOX: No one?
HARE: Oh sir, I didn't see you there.
KNOX: Thank heaven and hell for that. This disguise would be rather redundant if people saw through it. And please sit down, and don't try to touch me. How many times.
HARE: Sorry, sir.
KNOX: Stop looking upset, Hare. Talk to me.
HARE: Talk?
KNOX: What's all this rumination on change?
HARE: There's a stranger in town.
KNOX: Indeed? Purpose of visit, reason for concern?
HARE: Don't know, sir. But he's snooping.
KNOX: In truth? Or is that mere speculation? Snooping? How, man?
HARE: He saw the blood.
KNOX: He saw blood? He saw blood? He saw blood. Which one do you prefer? I think the middle has more dramatic weight, but it scarcely fits the situation. So, a stranger saw the blood you two left behind? So what? He hangs around for a bit longer, he may see a darn sight more. In fact, I can guarantee that.

EVELYN: I must say it's a relief to get out of that graveyard, Doctor. You do pick the dandiest of spots to nose around in.
DOCTOR: Well, we are not leaving here until I've shaken the hands of the two gentlemen responsible. That's a kind of destiny, if you like. Besides, it's wonderful to be able to halt a self-centred conversationalist in his tracks. You can't imagine the reactions I get when I historically name-drop. You just can't lose. Mind, if you intend to do it, do it well. The names you drop have to bounce. That's the secret.
EVELYN: It's just that what I remember of this Burke and Hare affair isn't all that pleasant.
DOCTOR: Oh? And what have you heard, pray tell? Tales of body-snatchers, hard drinking and cold-blooded murder.
EVELYN: Well, for starters, they
DOCTOR: True, I'm sure. And?
EVELYN: Not exactly whom I would consider the good guys.
DOCTOR: Well, let me explain. The universe does not break down into good guys and bad guys. For example, would you be honoured to congratulate the medical genius of Doctor Christiaan Barnard, who performed the first open heart surgery?
EVELYN: You can't be comparing the two cases, surely? Doctor Barnard saved lives.
DOCTOR: Only because Burke and Hare had taken lives a century or so before. I know murder can never be condoned, but if you take into account the medical benefit that others will take from their misdeeds, it becomes almost acceptable, surely?

EVELYN: It sounds like a grey area I don't want to go into.

DOCTOR: Death is relative, Evelyn. Although any individual death is regrettable, in the bigger picture it can be seen in a positive light. There's a huge difference between that and advocating murder for greater gain. That was the excuse Hitler used. But does the possibility exist that if ten or fifteen murders result in thousands of lives extended, and one of those extended lives goes on to improve things even more, that there's a justification, historically speaking?

EVELYN: You condone it?

DOCTOR: No. No. But I accept it. Take young Jamie.

EVELYN: Who?

DOCTOR: Daft Jamie, the street entertainer. Or the odd looking fellow, as you so charitably referred to him.

EVELYN: You don't mean he's for the chop?

DOCTOR: Certainly. I forget the order now. Still it's not the sort of history one commits to total recall. A lot of details like that get pushed to the back of the memory. But certainly young Jamie is part of the great scheme of things. He'll achieve more by his death than he did in his life.

EVELYN: How can you be so matter of fact about it?

DOCTOR: His death is his destiny. Ah, here we are. The Last Drop.

(Tavern door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: Yes, very salubrious, Doctor. I suppose a nice wine bar was out of the question.

DOCTOR: Yes.

JAMIE: Doctor important.

DOCTOR: Hello, my dear chap. How are you?

JAMIE: Doctor friend.

DOCTOR: Yes, the Doctor is a friend.

EVELYN: Hello, Jamie. How are you, dear?

JAMIE: Jamie is fine, thank you for asking me.

DOCTOR: Come on.

EVELYN: Doctor, how can you be so callous?

DOCTOR: Callous?

EVELYN: You're being particularly nice to him.

DOCTOR: No, Evelyn. You're being particularly nice to him. I'm exactly the same as I was before.

EVELYN: But you know, and he doesn't.

JAMIE: Mary not here.

DOCTOR: Oh well, never mind.

JAMIE: Mary over there.

MARY: Oh, Doctor. I knew you'd come. That, that's just marvellous. You're both here. How lovely.

DOCTOR: Yes, my dear, we're both here. Charming place, beautiful décor. And so close to the public gallows as well. Brings a quaint atmosphere all of its own.

MARY: The gallows, yeah. Well, it's good for the drinkers here to be reminded of what their fate's more than likely to be. But I don't know, it seems like a home from home for me.

EVELYN: I can imagine.

MARY: Ah, don't you worry about me, Missy. I know what you're thinking, and I don't care. If it's worth selling, sell it, I say. What have you got on offer?

DOCTOR: So, the gallows, hmm? Very interesting.

MARY: Aye. Well, it's why this place is called The Last Drop, you see? That's the last drop for sure.

DOCTOR: Oh, I see, yes. Very, very interesting. I thought The Last Drop was what you've just drained from your drinking vessel.

MARY: Doctor, you're so witty.

EVELYN: Yes, he's hilarious, and has the most amusing taste in hero worship.

MARY: Hero worship?

DOCTOR: She's just teasing, my dear. But as a matter of fact, I was rather keen

MARY: Any time, Doctor. You know that.

DOCTOR: On meeting a certain person.

MARY: Really?

HARE: (laughs) So this is your mysterious catch of the day, is it, Mary?

MARY: Him, Doctor.

HARE: Doctor. Oh. That's all right, then. I don't mind strangers if they happen to be doctors. Please to meet you, governor, I'm sure. A real pleasure. Hare's my name. William Hare.

DOCTOR: Just the man I wanted to meet.

HARE: Really? Well, that's good. Anything I can do to oblige a medical man.
DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, I see. No, no, Mister Hare, you misunderstand me. I won't be in need of your services. It was simply to say, well done, and keep up the good work.
HARE: Oh, right.
DOCTOR: Where's your friend Mister Burke? You can't hog all the congratulations, can you?
HARE: What?
DOCTOR: I'd like to shake the hand of Mister William Burke, if that's possible.
HARE: I don't know what you're talking about, Mister!
(Tavern door opens and shuts.)
DOCTOR: Moody lout.
EVELYN: I'm not surprised.
MARY: What's going on? How do you know Billy Hare?
DOCTOR: Well, I don't know him at all. I just wanted to meet him.
MARY: Why?
DOCTOR: Why do anything. Because I have rather unexpectedly the opportunity to do so. Very strange. His reaction when I mentioned William Burke. One might almost be tempted to think he'd never heard of him.
MARY: What's strange about that? I've never heard of William Burke either.

[Part Two]

(Writing.)
KNOX: Roll up, roll up, ladies and. No, no, not yet. This very evening, I ventured into a pit of despair and decadence you have come to know as The Last Drop, when er, no. That's too much information. Besides, who knows the name of the place or cares.
(Knock on door.)
KNOX: Some weeks ago, I ventured forth. Who is it?
HARE [OC]: Billy Hare, sir.
KNOX: It's not locked, man. You know your way in. I'm in my study. Twice in one night. How lucky I am.
HARE: Ah, there you are, Doctor Knox, sir.
KNOX: Obviously. What do you want, Hare?
HARE: I hope you appreciate what is done for you, sir.
KNOX: I beg your pardon?
HARE: All this finery, sir. All this beautiful furniture. Wouldn't have it if not for me. Without what I do for you.
KNOX: What you do for me? I don't suppose years of study, even more years of research, and a lifetime of understanding ever had anything to do with it. This is my home, Hare, and you are a guest in it. Remember to keep a civil tongue in your head.
HARE: Sorry, sir. I'm not thinking straight at the moment. I just don't like what's going on, sir. I told you strangers were trouble. He'll change things. He knows things. He wanted to meet Burke.
KNOX: Did he, now? How intriguing. And he appeared normal?
HARE: To an extent, sir. I mean, he said he was a doctor, so I thought it would be all right, you see.
KNOX: A doctor. Well, you can always trust a doctor, Hare. You should know that.
HARE: Trust is a funny thing, sir. If I trust you, then I suppose you have to trust me.
KNOX: What are you saying?
HARE: It's just that I know a lot about you, that's all. I don't suppose you would like to lose this lovely home of yours, your fine things, the respect from the people.
KNOX: My dear Hare, if I was a suspicious man I would hasten a guess that you were threatening me with blackmail. How wonderfully savage of you.
HARE: I'm not threatening anything, sir.
KNOX: Good. Just you remember that I own you, Hare. I own you, and everything you know and understand. Just remember, you can always trust a doctor.

DOCTOR: It was Hare who was the outsider, I'm sure of it. Burke must be known to you.
MARY: What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: Trust me, young lady. If William Burke isn't known to you, something is decidedly odd.
EVELYN: Doctor, you could have got this all wrong, of course. You come storming into this pub without any actual evidence of when or where we are. You assumed a lot.
DOCTOR: Assumed? Evelyn, as any good historian should know, you never assume anything. It's

easily solved. Now, young lady.

MARY: My name's Mary, if you have to call me anything. Mary Patterson.
(Murdered 4th April 1828.)

DOCTOR: Is it, now? Interesting. You see, I was right.

EVELYN: You don't mean she's

DOCTOR: Absolutely.

EVELYN: Oh dear.

DOCTOR: My dear Mary, what year is this?

MARY: Are you feeling all right, Doctor? Perhaps you should take some of your own medicine, because I really think things are getting too much for you.

DOCTOR: It's a simple enough question. Oh, all right. This is quite clearly Edinburgh.

MARY: You must have gone to university, Doctor. Yes, Edinburgh it is.

DOCTOR: Christmas 1828?

MARY: Christmas? You're right, of course. I hadn't realised. Not much cause for celebration in West Port.

EVELYN: Hmm. I wasn't exactly expecting a sixty foot tree, but I thought some effort

DOCTOR: Quite. Now, Mary, what can you tell me about Hare?

MARY: Oh, a nasty piece of work.

EVELYN: I heartily agree.

MARY: What would you know about it? You haven't had him looking at you with those yellowing lustful eyes of his, like a cat before it strikes. Oh, he's a nasty piece of work, all right. And you may find this hard to believe, Missy, but there have been times when I've been tempted. I needed the money. I couldn't face it. Oh, those eyes. I shut my eyes and I can still see them, burrowing into me. He's evil.

DOCTOR: Yes, well, the Devil makes work for idle hands, but who decides what's evil and what's good. Hare has his part to play.

MARY: In what?

DOCTOR: Well, Mary, do you know a Doctor Knox? Doctor Robert Knox?

MARY: Yes, of course.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank goodness. I was beginning to doubt myself.

EVELYN: Another friend of yours, Doctor?

DOCTOR: In a way. Does he come to this establishment?

MARY: (laughs) Here? Doctor Knox? Oh, dear me. No, no, Doctor, he does not. Not really his sort of place, is it.

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. I'm here, aren't I?

MARY: Yes, why are you here? And why are you so chummy with that Billy Hare?

DOCTOR: I seem to remember you invited me. And as for Hare, I think you'll find Doctor Knox is rather chummy with him as well. And Mister Burke.

MARY: There is no Mister Burke. I've told you once.

EVELYN: I'm afraid, Mary, you'll never convince him otherwise now.

DOCTOR: You know this Doctor Knox personally?

MARY: I've never met him, sir. He's just like you.

DOCTOR: Hmm?

MARY: I've seen him around the place. Are you certain that Hare and him are acquainted?

DOCTOR: Discretion plays a part, I'm sure.

(Tavern door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Jamie, my boy.

JAMIE: Jamie saw Hare run away, Doctor. He ran away. Why?

MARY: Oh, just a silly game we're playing, Jamie. Now don't worry about it none. Anyway, that was ages ago. What have you been doing, young man?

JAMIE: Nothing, Mary, nothing. Just you said you didn't want me following you any more, and with Doctor being here and all I kept away. Jamie kept away with the rats for as long as Jamie could. What kind?

MARY: Hmm?

JAMIE: What kind of game are you playing?

DOCTOR: Ah, well, Jamie, my boy, it's a treasure hunt. You like treasure?

JAMIE: Treasure?

DOCTOR: Gold trinkets, rubies, diamonds. Pirate treasure.

JAMIE: Pirate treasure?

DOCTOR: Yes.

JAMIE: Jamie like pirate treasure.

DOCTOR: Well, this is like that. But this is a different treasure. Knowledge.

JAMIE: Oh.

DOCTOR: Yes, knowledge. But Jamie can help.

JAMIE: Help the Doctor. I'll help the Doctor.

EVELYN: Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: Mary, I need your help as well.

MARY: Now wait a minute.

DOCTOR: Mary, I need your help.

MARY: Doctor, men are usually happy to *pay* for my services.

DOCTOR: This is your destiny.

MARY: My what?

DOCTOR: What you are here for.

MARY: Oh, come now, don't give me all that.

JAMIE: Jamie help Doctor. Mary help Doctor. Mary, help Doctor.

MARY: You little devil. What was that you said about idle hands, Doctor? All right, all right. But I don't see how

DOCTOR: Mary, don't try. Now, where can one find William Hare?

JAMIE: He was running away. Jamie saw him running.

MARY: He runs the lodging house in Tanner's Close.

JAMIE: Dirty lodging house.

MARY: Not exactly what you're used to, Doctor, I'm sure.

DOCTOR: I've no intention of staying there.

EVELYN: No, we have other accommodation.

DOCTOR: A small place, but mine own. Right, young Jamie.

JAMIE: Lodging house, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, the lodging house.

EVELYN: Oh, the glamour.

DOCTOR: No, Evelyn, not you.

EVELYN: Now wait a minute.

DOCTOR: Or Mary.

MARY: Suits me fine.

DOCTOR: This will just require Jamie and myself.

JAMIE: Jamie and the Doctor. Jamie and the Doctor.

DOCTOR: I want you two to go and have a little chat with good Doctor Knox.

KNOX: Oh, I do wish Burke and Hare would bring in the occasional fresh one. This body, as bodies go, has decidedly seen better days. Oh well, when one is forced to work alongside simpletons one can't expect the best a man can get. And I suppose I am paying peanuts, so Hare does aptly fit the bill, as my trained monkey. If only he knew, dirty, dirty creature. If only he knew. Frightened of strangers, frightened of his own shadow, but rather pleasingly, never frightened of taking a risk for money. There's greatness there, somewhere, and it's down to me to expose it, bit by bit. What a jape. Right, where was I? Ah yes, expose it, bit by bit. Distinct sign of peripheral vascular infection. Mmm, such a pretty colour.

EVELYN: Typical. Just typical. Goes scooting off on some blood-curdling wild goose chase.

MARY: The Doctor's hunting for a goose for Christmas?

EVELYN: Oh, for Heaven's sake. No, no, my dear. It's not a Christmas goose. Look, it's just the Doctor being the Doctor, searching in the shadows for something that isn't there. You honestly don't know William Burke?

MARY: Honestly. This person means something to you, to you both.

EVELYN: Well, I must admit, it doesn't quite fit. The fact that he's not around the place, I mean.

There's probably some innocent explanation. In a way, it could be a very good thing he isn't here. Oh, no matter. The Doctor wants us to help him, and in my experience, it's best to follow his orders to the letter.

MARY: Orders? What orders?

EVELYN: He wants us to go and see Doctor Knox.

MARY: I don't think that's a good idea.

EVELYN: Whyever not?

MARY: Look at me, Missy. Would you invite me into your fine home?

EVELYN: Ah. Er, yes. Of course. However, if the Doctor knows what's what, this Knox'll be perfectly all right. Wouldn't be surprised if he offered us a spot of dinner. I'm starving.

DOCTOR: Logg's Lodging House. The perfect setting for a murder, I would have said.

JAMIE: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes. Oh, I do love melodrama.

(Knocks on door.)

HARE [OC]: All right, I'm coming. Where's me trousers?

DOCTOR: And farce.

(Door unlocked and opened.)

HARE: What? Oh, it's you, is it?

DOCTOR: I take it you couldn't find them.

HARE: Huh?

DOCTOR: Your trousers. No matter. May we come in?

HARE: I don't rightly know. I'm a bit fussy about who steps over my portal.

DOCTOR: Really? I would never have guessed. Surely your lodging house takes in any weary traveller?

HARE: Weary traveller maybe. Not a stinking half-witted rat-boy like that.

DOCTOR: Jamie happens to be a personal friend of mine.

JAMIE: Jaime and Doctor friends.

DOCTOR: Indeed.

HARE: That's as may be. He ain't coming in here.

DOCTOR: Well, I'm not fussy.

HARE: That you ain't.

DOCTOR: I can conduct my business on your doorstep.

HARE: I ain't got no business with you. If you don't want a room, clear off.

DOCTOR: Actually, Mister Hare, I'm more interesting in your, shall we say, sideline.

HARE: I don't know what you're talking about.

DOCTOR: Oh, come now, Mister Hare, don't be so modest. It's valiant work you are doing.

HARE: I still don't know what you're talking about.

DOCTOR: Come, come, my good man. I'm a doctor, you know. The Doctor, in fact. Doctor Knox is a close personal friend of mine.

HARE: You must be the luckiest man in Edinburgh. Huh. all these friends, eh? In all different walks of life.

DOCTOR: Quite.

HARE: Well, he's never mentioned you to me.

DOCTOR: Ah. So it's as I thought. You do know Doctor Knox.

HARE: Aye, I know him. Of course I know him. I do the odd job here and there.

DOCTOR: Yes, indeed. And the occasional very odd job, I understand.

HARE: So.

DOCTOR: So?

HARE: There's no law against it.

DOCTOR: I think, Mister Hare, that's where you're wrong. There certainly is a law against body-snatching.

JAMIE: Body-snatching.

HARE: And you mind your noise, boy.

DOCTOR: Please, Mister Hare. There's no need for antagonism. I know all about it. I think it's rather admirable, really.

JAMIE: Not honourable.

DOCTOR: No, not honourable, Jamie. But yes, admirable, I would say.

HARE: If I can help medical science, Doctor, it's an honour, it is.

DOCTOR: Yes. And ten pounds a head is quite an incentive as well, isn't it?

HARE: (laughs) That it is, sir. That is it. It's not been easy for me, you know, sir. But a man's got to earn his keep, eh? Put bread on the table. Six of my kiddies died, sir. Kind of hardens a man.

DOCTOR: Indeed. And you realise you may be a small part of a process that helps save children in the future? Children like your own.

HARE: Thank you, sir. That means a lot.

DOCTOR: So, Mister Hare, there's really no need at all to protect your young colleague.

HARE: You mean Burke?

DOCTOR: Yes, Burke, indeed.

HARE: Never heard of him!
(Door slammed.)

MARY: So, here we are then, Missy. Doctor Knox, he lives in there.

EVELYN: I must admit, Mary, this is a little grander than I thought.

MARY: Oh, I never usually come up round here. I was once, well, friendly with one of the Doctor's medical students.

EVELYN: Hmm.

MARY: It was stupid, really. Never meant to be. I just exist, you see.

EVELYN: Yes, my dear, I think I do. But, nothing ventured, nothing gained, and all that. Shall I ring the bell?

MARY: Front door's open, Missy.

EVELYN: Oh. Well, it's bad manners, I know, but nothing ventured, nothing gained.

(Church clock finishes chiming.)

DOCTOR: Oh, that can't be the time. I will be late. Last Drop's this way, yes? Fancy a drink, young Jamie?

JAMIE: Doctor doesn't need to drink. Nor does Jamie.

DOCTOR: It's not a question of need, my boy, it's a question of want. If you want something in this life, you sometimes have to take it. When it's offered to you with good intention, then take it with pleasure.

JAMIE: Jamie doesn't like Burke.

DOCTOR: No, he's a strange one. Probably just frightened. Body-snatching. Not exactly praised, I shouldn't think. But you mean Hare, of course.

JAMIE: No, Burke.

DOCTOR: You mean you know Burke? You know where he is?

JAMIE: He comes and goes, Doctor. He comes and goes.

DOCTOR: Where does he go? Come on, Jamie, come on.

JAMIE: Jamie doesn't know. He just drifts in. Mary knows him.

DOCTOR: Mary knows him too? Why on Earth didn't she? Oh no.

EVELYN: Very plush.

MARY: Clever people need comfortable pillows.

EVELYN: That's very profound, Mary.

MARY: What?

EVELYN: Deep, understanding.

MARY: I don't need these things. I'm not important.

EVELYN: Oh, I wouldn't say that, Mary. The Doctor seems to think you have a very important part to play in all this.

MARY: Oh yes. My destiny. But I'm not supposed to be part of all this, this splendour. I mean, it's modern life, isn't it? All them wars and upsets and that. All I have to go through to earn a few pounds, this is what it's all for.

EVELYN: I think that's exactly the Doctor's point. I can't quite see it myself.

MARY: See what?

EVELYN: Well, the Doctor balances every hardship, every heartbreak, with the positive result. The broken eggs are fine if the omelette tastes good.

MARY: Omelette?

EVELYN: Never mind.

MARY: Am I one of the eggs?

EVELYN: In a way, Mary, yes. And I've a feeling this may be the frying pan. It's funny, you're quite the intellectual.

MARY: (laughs) Me? Oh no, Missy. Me? I just say things, that's all. Silly things that come into my head.

EVELYN: Like all great thinkers.

MARY: Fancy me a great thinker. No one's ever said that before. The only think I've ever been praised for is

EVELYN: Er quite. Quite. But I think there really is a time and a place to discuss such matters.

KNOX: Indeed. And this is neither.

EVELYN: Doctor Knox, I assume.

KNOX: Stay your hand shake, madam. I have no desire to greet uninvited guests warmly. Now would

you people kindly leave my house at once.

EVELYN: Oh, but I

KNOX: No buts. My man told me two young ladies were here to see me. You, madam, are scarcely young, and as for your companion, well, lady is not a word I would have used.

EVELYN: Well, really!

KNOX: Please, I'm a very busy man, and I have little little enthusiasm to indulge in a conversation with you or your class.

EVELYN: My class?

KNOX: Your kind, then. I suppose now you're about to tell me you're a lady of breeding who spends time with whores and wastrels out of a sense of social duty. You look upon a man who neither minds nor cares. Good day.

EVELYN: Oh, but really, I

KNOX: Good day.

MARY: The Doctor sent us.

KNOX: The doctor? Which doctor, girl? I know quite a few, surprisingly.

EVELYN: The Doctor is an associate of mine.

KNOX: Another philanthropist, satisfying his need for constant attention by sucking the life blood of the poor unfortunates that populate this fair city of ours?

EVELYN: Something like that. Something like your work, Doctor Knox.

KNOX: Oh? And what do you know about my work, may I ask?

EVELYN: I know it involves sucking the life blood of the poor unfortunates, as you so eloquently put it, only taking the practice a bit too far, in my opinion. The Doctor, alas, seems to think it cause for congratulations.

KNOX: Being a medical man, I would imagine he does. Very gratifying, I'm sure, but what is your point, madam?

EVELYN: It's simply a matter of a business associate of yours.

KNOX: Oh yes?

EVELYN: A Mister William Burke.

KNOX: Who?

MARY: Burke, sir.

KNOX: Regretfully, I'm not in the position to help with your enquiries, worthy as they may be.

EVELYN: You deny knowledge of this man?

KNOX: I do not. Neither do I confirm knowledge of this man. This is my house. You have not been invited. This matter concerns my research. My research is a private affair. Good day.

MARY: But it's something to do with destiny, sir.

KNOX: What do you know about destiny, girl? I wouldn't give you a farthing for your destiny.

EVELYN: That's rather cruel.

KNOX: Cruel or not, madam, it is the fact. As you no doubt know, my name is Robert Knox. I am a doctor of medicine, graduated from Edinburgh University, and loved and respected throughout the city. That is an understood fact. That which is not an understood fact is my need to help people, all walks of people in sufferance. I live in polished surroundings because my body desires it. My surgery is less polished. The kitchen may be filthy in the finest of hotels. My culinary delights may save humanity, or indeed, destroy it. It depends on the research. For such research I need specimens, cadavers, the fresher the better.

MARY: Oh, how horrible.

KNOX: Not as horrible as the damage that gut-devouring alcohol you continually pour down your swan-like neck does to your insides, my dear child. Not to mention to what your, shall we say, nocturnal habits subject your weakened resistance.

EVELYN: And these bodies?

KNOX: People die. They die all the time, in this city, like any other. Do you know how many opportunities are denied scientists every year? Fresh, vibrant, disease-free bodies encased in oak, pine, mahogany, hidden away six feet under. Hidden from science. Unfortunately, there are laws in this country, stupid outmoded laws, that deny perceptive minds like mine the opportunity to learn to cure, to save. I have the key, madam. I simply need the lock.

MARY: You take bodies from the graveyard?

KNOX: No, my child. I don't deem it fitting to get my hands dirty in public. I have an arrangement for supplies. With whom, and for how much, is my business. And now I've told you as much as I care to, good day once and for all.

EVELYN: Thank you for your hospitality.

KNOX: Delighted. I hope your doctor approves. I feel I know him already, like the Jekyll to his Hyde, if

you like.

EVELYN: I would have said it was the other way round, myself.

KNOX: Really. We'll see.

DOCTOR: And you don't know where Doctor Knox lives, Jamie.

JAMIE: Not really. He drifts in and out.

DOCTOR: I've come to the conclusion that everything drifts in and out with you.

JAMIE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Think! Evelyn could be in danger. Mary's involved.

JAMIE: Don't shout, don't shout, don't shout.

(Tavern door opens.)

MARY: There, there, Jamie. What's all this, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?

MARY: What's wrong with Jamie?

(Tavern door closes.)

DOCTOR: Quite a lot, I should imagine.

EVELYN: A right charmer, your friend Doctor Knox.

DOCTOR: You met him?

EVELYN: Yes.

DOCTOR: And?

EVELYN: If you'll forgive the phrase, he makes no bones about using bodies, dead bodies, for his work.

JAMIE: Bodies.

DOCTOR: As I thought.

EVELYN: What a rude man he is.

DOCTOR: My dear Evelyn, rudeness isn't a crime. Nor is lying, as a matter of fact. But that doesn't stop it from being hurtful, especially when it's someone you trusted. Mary.

MARY: What do you mean, sir?

DOCTOR: I mean you haven't exactly been truthful with us, have you.

MARY: I don't know what you're talking about.

DOCTOR: It's about William Burke.

MARY: I've already told you, Doctor. I've never

DOCTOR: Never heard of him, yes. Still, that's not Jamie thinks, is it, Jamie.

JAMIE: He drifts in and out.

MARY: Jamie, what are you talking about?

JAMIE: Burke is bad. Burke drifts in and out.

MARY: Doctor, his name is Daft Jamie. You understand that.

DOCTOR: Named without a hint of irony, I know. But Jamie has seen something. He's seen Burke.

MARY: Well, nobody else has.

DOCTOR: Knox?

EVELYN: He was very reticent about the whole affair. Didn't even mention Hare by name. But he wasn't backward in coming forward about his use of dead bodies. He seemed rather proud of it.

DOCTOR: Clearly, Knox sees himself as a man of science. We know for a fact that bodies have been removed.

MARY: Wait a moment. How do we know bodies have been removed?

DOCTOR: Evelyn and myself have seen enough evidence to satisfy us of that fact, at least.

MARY: Oh, you doctors are disgusting. Is nothing sacred to you? Those poor resting souls, ripped apart.

DOCTOR: My dear, I don't have time for a deep theological discussion with you just now. Suffice to say that what was taken from those graves was nothing more than lumps of meat in various states of decay, I'll be bound.

MARY: Oh, disgusting.

JAMIE: Disgusting.

MARY: Doctors. You're just like that horrible man Knox. You have no soul.

EVELYN: Calm down, Mary.

DOCTOR: But the mystery here concerns Burke. He's obviously in hiding, letting Hare take the heat off the situation. I don't know what your involvement is in all this, Mary, but I do need your help. So if there's anything you want to tell me, please do so now.

MARY: There's nothing, Doctor. I've never heard of William Burke. And if I had, I wouldn't tell you anyway. You probably want to cut him up.

DOCTOR: I'll leave that to Edinburgh. But surely you must know something all this body-snatching business? Don't you talk to each other in this city any more?

MARY: Talk about what, Doctor? I just try and exist. I keep myself to myself.

JAMIE: Keep myself to myself, but Jamie saw.

DOCTOR: Jamie, yes, what did you see, boy?

JAMIE: Don't shout.

DOCTOR: No, no. No, the Doctor won't shout.

JAMIE: No.

DOCTOR: I only shout when I get impatient. It's a very bad habit. But not as bad as Burke, I reckon, hmm? No?

JAMIE: I saw a body.

MARY: You saw a body? Where? In the graveyard?

DOCTOR: Mary, let the boy speak for himself. Go on, Jamie. You saw a body, in the street? In the street, yes?

JAMIE: Old lady in the street.

MARY: Ach, Doctor, he means there was an old woman arrested for fighting with the market stall holder. Well, she was murdered a night or two ago.

JAMIE: Murdered.

MARY: Or was it a week? I can't remember. Nobody bothers about death in West Port. It's living that I'm concerned with.

DOCTOR: What old woman?

MARY: Oh, I don't know. She was a stranger in the city. From Gilmorton, I think.

DOCTOR: That's right. Gilmorton. She was a victim of Edinburgh.

MARY: Peddling her wares, she was.

DOCTOR: And she was murdered.

MARY: I don't think a slit across the throat in the Grassmarket would be self-inflicted, do you?

DOCTOR: The Grassmarket?

MARY: The cattle market, Doctor. You know, the place where we first met. Quite romantic really, wasn't it?

EVELYN: The blood, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes indeed, Evelyn. The blood. There was a patch of blood in the Grassmarket on that first evening.

MARY: Yes, well, we're not heathens, Doctor. People came and took the body away.

DOCTOR: The police took the body?

MARY: Well, I didn't want it.

DOCTOR: No, but Knox did. Why would they leave the body in the street? It makes the whole thing pointless. You are quite sure this woman was dead?

MARY: Aye, Doctor. she was quite dead.

JAMIE: She was dead.

MARY: You would have had a field day.

DOCTOR: It's just I'm trying to get this time line right in my head. One of them was murdered shortly after being released by the police. Perhaps this one was wounded and ended up on Knox's slab a bit later?

EVELYN: How can you tell?

DOCTOR: I can't. But if this old woman really was dead and lugged off by the authorities, someone isn't playing by the rule book.

JAMIE: Jamie saw another body in lodging.

DOCTOR: In Hare's lodging house?

JAMIE: Yes. Jamie saw man in lodging. A dead man in lodging.

MARY: That's hardly surprising. Have you seen that place? Makes the dear old Last Drop look like Knox's home.

DOCTOR: This man.

MARY: I don't know. One of Hare's lodgers. Probably couldn't pay his bill. I wouldn't put anything past Hare.

DOCTOR: Mary, what happened?

MARY: He was done to death. Some English gent. From your neck of the woods, I shouldn't wonder. London or somewhere. Selling cloth dollys, knives, you know the sort of thing.

DOCTOR: Yes, I know the sort of thing. Another one of our key cast members, and dead in Hare's lodging. Capital.

MARY: I didn't see him, but they took the body away.

DOCTOR: What, you mean the police took that body as well? This is incredible.

EVELYN: What does all this mean?

DOCTOR: It means people are dying for no good reason at all, and I can't have that.

EVELYN: But Knox is getting his required supply of bodies. He told me.

DOCTOR: That's what he told you? I think it's high time I paid the good doctor a visit myself.

JAMIE: Jamie scared.

DOCTOR: Don't worry, you stay here, wait for us. We'll see Knox ourselves.

EVELYN: Great. Back to Mister Charisma.

DOCTOR: Oh, come now, Evelyn. He can't have been that bad.

EVELYN: Not that bad? He was rude, arrogant, devious, unpleasant, and what a cheek. He even had the temerity to consider himself your equal!

DOCTOR: Without ever meeting me. How perceptive.

EVELYN: He considered himself Jekyll to your Hyde.

DOCTOR: Did he now?

EVELYN: What a charmer.

DOCTOR: Did he? Quick!

HARE: So you *are* worried, sir. Ah, I thought you might be.

KNOX: Worried, Hare? No, I'm not worried. I'm simply annoyed. Sending his two girls along to question me, the nerve of that man. Or I should say, no, I shouldn't say.

HARE: What, sir?

KNOX: Hare, you look upon me. What do you see?

HARE: Well, sir, I don't rightly know what you mean.

KNOX: Oh, come, man.

HARE: You're the man who pays my wages, sir. A gentleman. I knows my place, sir. I digs them up, you pays me. That's all I know.

KNOX: I'm, as the saying goes, a man of the world, am I not, Hare?

HARE: Yes, sir.

KNOX: My dear man, my world is so rich, so diverse, so tempting, so corrupted. I love my world. Sadly, it is not the domain of just one man. I have a horrible feeling this Doctor chappie could be a problem.

HARE: Ah.

KNOX: A slight problem, but a problem nevertheless.

HARE: He's not the Law, is he, sir? If he's the Law, I'm getting out of this. I can't go to the gallows.

KNOX: Not in your state of health, eh, Hare? (laughs)

HARE: I reckon I've done my bit for medical science, sir. I've had enough.

KNOX: That's just it, Hare. Nobody can ever have enough.

(All running, breathless.)

EVELYN: Doctor, where's the fire?

DOCTOR: This is serious, Evelyn.

EVELYN: Obviously. If I'd known this was on the job description, I'd have bowed out in favour of Roger Bannister.

DOCTOR: All right, all right. (stop running) Now, what year is this?

EVELYN: Oh no, not that old one.

MARY: It's Christmas, 1828.

DOCTOR: Precisely.

EVELYN: And?

DOCTOR: I realise that Robert Louis Stevenson was a genius, but even a genius would find it very difficult to write the Strange Case of Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde, oh, it's pronounced Jeekel, by the by, a full thirty years before he was born, wouldn't you say?

EVELYN: You mean Knox is a (sotto) Time Lord or something?

DOCTOR: (sotto) A Time Lord or something, yes. A very apt phrase. Certainly something.

EVELYN: But how? And why?

DOCTOR: How, I confess I don't know. As for the why, he's clearly trying to be very clever indeed. Only a fool would reveal the fact that he's a time anomaly in such a careless fashion, and I'm not convinced that Doctor Knox is a fool.

EVELYN: Far from it, I would have said.

DOCTOR: Indeed. Remains the only conclusion. He let a snippet of displaced historical knowledge slip simply to test *you*, and you failed.

EVELYN: I failed? Well, I like that.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, Evelyn, you misunderstand. I'm not blaming you for the failure. Well, you were hardly prepared for the test. The truth is that you acknowledged his reference point. Now, what exactly did he say?

EVELYN: I can't remember exactly. He said he was the Jekyll to your Hyde, and er, oh, I don't know. Something like you Hyde, him Jekyll. And I said more like vice versa.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, any Edinburgh citizen of 1828 would have said (Scots) who on Earth are you talking about? What'd you mean? (normal) Or more likely, something extremely questionable indeed. You didn't. You knew the names. You knew the connotations of the comparison. Mary, how did *you* know the connotations?

MARY: Me? The what, sir?

DOCTOR: Connotations. Have you ever heard of Jekyll and Hyde?

MARY: Well, I er, I didn't know.

DOCTOR: You certainly can't have read it. Have you?

EVELYN: You were there, Mary, at Knox's. You were there and you didn't bat an eyelid.

MARY: Well, you see, Missy here had said I was, well, intellectual, like, and I didn't want to show myself up.

DOCTOR: Really?

MARY: I thought it was best to keep quiet. It's always best to keep quiet.

DOCTOR: Not always. Ignorance can be a powerful weapon on occasions, but still, we don't need ignorance now, do we. We need direction. Mary, where exactly are we running to?

(Mary laughs and runs off.)

KNOX: Ah, home alone again. I really should get out more. A quiet walk in the castle, perhaps? Scientific chat with a fellow medical man? I feel that is not a million miles away. Anyway, we are well stocked. Two bottles from home. Sort of vintage port. Nice new body on the slab, and oh no, canapés. I must have canapés. Sorry, Doctor, I probably won't be here when you call. Just popping out. (Levers move, then a Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: I am really getting far too old for this, you know. Where is it, Mary?

MARY: This may sound a bit strange to you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I doubt it. I've had a vast amount of experience of the strange.

MARY: Well, it's just that it's no here any more.

DOCTOR: What's no here any more?

MARY: The doctor's home. Surgeon's Square.

DOCTOR: What do you mean, it isn't here any more? An entire house can't just disappear.

EVELYN: Can't it?

DOCTOR: Let's be rational about this. Are you sure this is the spot?

MARY: I'm positive, Doctor. Everything is as it should be.

DOCTOR: But no house.

MARY: Look, Missy. Look around you. This is the Square, that's where Doctor Knox's house was. Am I going mad? Look!

EVELYN: I'm looking, Mary, but I'm not seeing. She's right, Doctor. What could have happened?

We're a bit early for bulldozers and shopping centres, aren't we?

DOCTOR: Well, if the house isn't here, there's no need to keep looking, is there?

EVELYN: Is that it?

DOCTOR: Yeah, that's it. Knox is not here, thus we cannot talk to him. QED. Come on.

EVELYN: Where are we going?

DOCTOR: The only welcoming place I've encountered so far. A quick brisk walk back to the snug of The Last Drop public house.

(A Tardis materialises.)

KNOX: Mmm, I'm back. I'm back, Doctor. Oh, shame on him. And he didn't even leave a note. Oh well. There, there, canapés. The perfect dinner party. Dare I open that port? It's very tempting. A fine year. Oh, go on, be a devil. Be a devil.

(Pours and screws lid back on bottle.)

DOCTOR: Ah, there's nothing like a good sedate walk to sharpen up one's thirst.

MARY: How right.

DOCTOR: And here's young Jamie. Fancy a drink, everyone?

JAMIE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh. I forgot. You don't indulge, do you.

EVELYN: Don't say you're giving up already.

DOCTOR: I never give up. However, I don't see the point of rushing round Edinburgh trying to find someone that isn't there, at the moment. If Doctor Knox has the sort of knowledge I think he has, then he could quite literally be anywhere. I think we'll wait for him to find us. Right, ladies, let me lead the way.

JAMIE: Doctor happy. Doctor happy.

DOCTOR: Well, moderately. Wait. Why should I be happy, Jamie?

JAMIE: Jamie helped Doctor. Inside, now.

DOCTOR: What? Oh!

BURKE: Oh, excuse me, there. What a terrible thing. I heard Jamie and thought I'd come out.

EVELYN: Just as we were coming in.

DOCTOR: Quite all right. It'll wash out.

BURKE: Here, let me help you. Apologies, my friend.

DOCTOR: No, no.

BURKE: Apologies. Let me buy you a quick nip.

DOCTOR: That's exceedingly generous of you. My colleagues and I were about to partake.

BURKE: A pleasure. By the way, Burke's the name. William Burke.

[Part Three]

(Thunderstorm.)

OLD WOMAN: Yes, and good night to you, Sergeant. Thank you for wasting my time. Ha! That told him. The look on his face when I told him. Fair made my day, that did. Oh, one little drop or maybe two of a night can't you any harm. Keeps the cold out. This fog gets into your bones and there's nothing you can do about it. Nothing at all. Apart from take a little drop or two of a night. Just a little drop or two. Oh, you startled me, gents. Oh, it's you two. A cold night for a stroll, isn't it? Would you care for an apple too, Doctor Knox? Anything for you, Billy Hare?

HARE: A firm no on both counts, woman, thank you.

OLD WOMAN: Oh, you two are such gentlemen. It must be a long time since anyone's said that about you two.

KNOX: Quite a long time, I think.

OLD WOMAN: Oh, you really are a gentleman.

KNOX: A scientist.

OLD WOMAN: Well, I must be going now, sir. Good night to you both.

HARE: I don't think so.

KNOX: You see, we need you.

OLD WOMAN: You want to do business at this hour?

KNOX: That could be one way of putting it, yes.

(Knife drawn, scream.)

KNOX: Capital. Don't you think so, Hare?

HARE: Yes, sir. Very realistic. I could have done with a bit more screaming, meself. You know how much I like it, sir.

KNOX: You really are savage, Hare. Less is more, you know. This is perfect. Well, almost perfect. Imperfections are so fascinating, don't you think? They make a work of art a masterpiece. My taking part instead of Burke, a stroke of genius, I feel.

HARE: If you say so, sir. If you say so.

KNOX: Oh, I do, Hare, and don't you forget it. Now, pick up the body.

DOCTOR: How can you forget it, Burke?

BURKE: It's weird, you see, Doctor. I know Hare, of course I do. I mean, I live at his lodgings, don't I. But it's odd. I've got these vague memories, like dreams there.

DOCTOR: Or nightmares.

BURKE: Nightmares, Doctor, yes.

DOCTOR: And you don't recognise this girl here.

BURKE: Well, again, Doctor, I seen her around, but it all seems to be through some sort of haze. A misty haze or something. I've never been, well, you know.

DOCTOR: Hmm? No, I don't know.

BURKE: With her, sir.

MARY: I should think not, indeed.

BURKE: It's only 'cos I never had the money before, Doctor. You would have gone with me if I had the money, just like you went with Hare. Lucky devil.

MARY: I never did!

JAMIE: Jamie saw.

MARY: Doctor, I

DOCTOR: Don't worry, my dear. Your collective haze is beginning to clear for me.

EVELYN: A Scots mist indeed.

DOCTOR: Hilarious, Evelyn.

EVELYN: So, are you saying William Burke here is one of the good guys, or the bad guys?

DOCTOR: If you mean is he the grave-robber he ought to be, then of course he is.

BURKE: That's all old. I told you. If you want the goods, that's fine, but it's ten pounds a pot, no questions ask. I can do you a better deal in the summer. Call it eight pounds a piece. Ground's softer, you see.

DOCTOR: Oh, come now, Mister Burke. Don't let's beat around the bush here. If I want them fresh, you can get them me fresh. Noon, night, summer solstice or deep midwinter, you can provide them, can't you.

BURKE: Well, I don't think

EVELYN: We're talking murder as though it were a game of tiddly-winks.

BURKE: Murder? The very idea.

DOCTOR: Burke, please.

BURKE: It's not murder, sir. It's science. That's what Doctor Knox tells me. We puts them out of their miseries, so to speak, so he says.

DOCTOR: Go on.

BURKE: That's all I know, Doctor. Whores and pedlars, that's what he calls 'em. The world can spare a few of those, so Billy Hare says. I'm just human.

DOCTOR: Quite.

BURKE: I get tempted. Everyone needs a bit of money. I look at it like a job, you see. Hare, though, he seems to enjoy it.

DOCTOR: So are you telling me that Knox tells you who is to die?

BURKE: Hare makes me, tells me, and we do the job. Struck me as funny at first. You see, I went along there with me sack, as usual. The tool of my trade, if you will. Got to hide the body away. Not a pretty sight sometimes. Anyway, I turns up with me sack. Don't need that, says Hare. Why not, says I. Different sort of job, says he.

DOCTOR: And?

BURKE: I just went along with it. What could I do? We needed the money. A job's a job, innit?

(Echoing.)

HARE: Doctor, what are we doing down here? You know I hate the dark.

KNOX: Your type belong down here, underground, Hare, out of sight and out of mind.

HARE: My type?

KNOX: Oh, don't fool yourself, man. You are an Irish rat, and rats like it dank, dark, dirty. You blend in so nicely down here, it's almost poetic.

HARE: I don't mind not understanding. I don't mind going through the same murderous deals over and over again, but

KNOX: You don't mind the money I pay you. You don't mind my protection. So shut up and listen.

HARE: Ah well, frankly, sir, I prefer your consulting rooms.

KNOX: What is it to you? You're being paid. That's all you're bothered about. Money. By the way, I've recalled Burke for you.

HARE: Why? He always ruins things.

KNOX: Hare, how many more times. He is our consumable. He's the delicious red herring for this Doctor to chew upon. And he'll save your miserable bacon, and don't you forget it.

HARE: Why shouldn't he? He's as much involved as I am.

KNOX: Oh no, my dear Hare, I wouldn't have said that. You're far more involved than he is. You grasp the wider picture, don't you, Hare?

HARE: Do I, sir?

KNOX: Well, of a sort. It's more than smash, grab, and cash in for you. Without some theatrical, you know too much.

HARE: I don't know anything.

KNOX: You know enough. But to break with tradition, a little knowledge isn't that dangerous. There's

more to life than this. You believe in me. You trust me, So believe and trust what I've told you. There's so much more than this.

HARE: So why do you keep coming back?

KNOX: Like a song, I like to linger. And the money is good, isn't it?

HARE: Yes, sir.

KNOX: Anyway, enough of this. That disgusting harlot who infiltrated my home.

HARE: Mary.

KNOX: Yes, Mary. She's next, I think.

HARE: Oh no, sir. Where's your soul?

KNOX: A rather redundant question, I would have thought.

HARE: But she's

KNOX: Yes, she's beautiful, Hare. Sometimes I despair of you. With the whole universe to choose from, you have to be besotted with some two bit Scots tart. It's such a waste of time trying to educate some people. Kill her.

HARE: If I have to, sir.

KNOX: It's for science, Hare.

HARE: Yes, sir. Sir, couldn't you have a word with them, sir? Maybe let her be spared, or maybe

KNOX: Have her spared? You almost make her sound worthwhile, you really do. You fail to comprehend that I'm a mere employee here. I do as I am told, and so should you.

HARE: That's really funny.

KNOX: What is?

HARE: You having to follow orders. Don't seem right somehow.

KNOX: No? We all have our cross to bear, don't we. Your cross is to do exactly as I tell you.

HARE: Has she got the (pause) problem?

KNOX: Hare, you are so tactful. It would be quite endearing if it weren't so sickening. Yes, she has the problem. Happy now?

HARE: So she's for it anyway, whatever I do.

KNOX: Mmm. I'll do my duty, my dear Hare, and you do yours.

HARE: The Doctor.

KNOX: Oh yes, indeed.

DOCTOR: Mary's in danger, there's no question about that.

MARY: What, from that Burke? He doesn't frighten me.

DOCTOR: William Burke may well appear to be the catalyst for trouble, but I believe Doctor Knox fits that description more accurately.

EVELYN: But why the killings? Why do you think more deaths are so inevitable? I thought the whole point was for medical research. If it's death for death's sake, why do it?

DOCTOR: It's never just death for death's sake, Evelyn. There's always what the perpetrator believes to be a master plan behind the smallest of crimes. It's just that some are more unpleasant than others.

JAMIE: Jamie not unpleasant.

DOCTOR: No, my boy, you're not unpleasant. But you want to help Mary, don't you?

JAMIE: Mary in danger.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I believe Mary is in terrible danger. Come to that, we all are. Nothing concerns me more than ignorance.

MARY: I thought you said ignorance could be a strong weapon at times, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, my dear, but not when the very fabric of existence is under threat. When you don't know where or what your enemy is, ignorance is very much a hindrance, I'm afraid. Then, Jamie, my boy, too much information can be a dangerous thing, can't it?

JAMIE: Dangerous, Doctor?

DOCTOR: He knows something, Evelyn, but he can't tell me, and I can't break through. I just can't break through.

JAMIE: Jamie knows. Jamie knows.

DOCTOR: Burke is part of the backdrop of the action, but, oh, I don't know, he doesn't have the gravitas for a principal performance. There's an air of magic about young Jamie. I just wish I could fathom it out. Jamie's heightened awareness is crucial, but what does it mean? Did Burke and Mary experience the same nightmare? Or is it a nightmare yet to come? Telepathy? Premonition?

Daydream?

MARY: I don't understand you, Doctor. My head's in a whirl. All I know is that I'm frightened. I don't like the way you look at me. Your eyes know too much. I'm frightened. Somehow you know what's going on.

DOCTOR: Oh, if only I did. That's the very point, I don't.

MARY: So I'm not going to die. There you are, you see? You won't give me a straight answer. He knows, all right.

DOCTOR: All right, all right. Yes, Mary. If history gets back on track, if things to come are as they should be, then yes, you should die. But history has a funny way of being diverted. Knox is playing with Time. And there's no reason why I shouldn't as well. I just need more data, more information. Jamie.

JAMIE: Things drift in and drift out, Doctor. It's all a mist.

EVELYN: Don't you think it would be a good idea to follow Burke?

MARY: What harm can he do?

EVELYN: Well, he's a murderer, after all. And a murderer with his sights set on us, if the Doctor's right.

MARY: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Possibly.

JAMIE: The doctor is home.

DOCTOR: Hmm? Knox, you mean? He's back?

JAMIE: The doctor is home.

EVELYN: Wherever that is.

DOCTOR: Well, for Jamie the doctor's home is in Surgeon's Square.

EVELYN: How does Jamie know, though?

DOCTOR: How indeed?

JAMIE: The doctor's back.

DOCTOR: I think I'm going to find Doctor Knox and ask him that very question.

EVELYN: Here we go again.

DOCTOR: No. No, not this time, Evelyn. You three stay here. It's safe here.

JAMIE: Safe here.

DOCTOR: Yes. Well, I think it's time for a Doctor to doctor chat.

(Digging.)

BURKE: I'm telling you, Hare, there's trouble about. That Doctor, he knows all about us. All about me. I don't even know all about you any more, Billy.

HARE: All I know is Knox pays me, and I intend to keep me nose clean.

BURKE: Still doesn't explain what's been going on.

HARE: I can't explain everything. I don't know everything. What am I, William, your keeper or something? Just take the money and be grateful. And stop drinking that stuff. I told you to lay off that whisky. Your mind goes to pulp for weeks after.

BURKE: It's not that. It's just that I don't remember things. Things get all misty.

HARE: And then the glass falls out of your hand and bingo! three hours later you wake up with a headache. I know, I know.

BURKE: I'm confused.

HARE: Tell me something I don't know. I must have needed my head examined to go into partnership with you. You're nothing but a drunken oaf.

BURKE: Hare, I thought we were friends.

HARE: Well, we ain't. It's every man for himself in this business, and things are going decidedly not right around here. Doctor Knox is turning into some sort of mad man.

BURKE: You mean he's not paying us?

HARE: Ha. No, he's paying us, all right. He's doubled our payment for the next job.

BURKE: What is the next job? Double the payment? When do we get started?

HARE: Burke, Burke, Burke, you are so reliable it pains me sometimes. Loyalty is a precious thing, but I can't risk it. I just can't risk it.

BURKE: Risk what?

HARE: Nothing. Come on, we've got work to do. Time for another murder, Burke, and it ain't going to be a pleasant one.

BURKE: I thought you enjoyed them.

HARE: There's no crime in that. But not this one. This one is different.

BURKE: Why?

HARE: It's young Mary Patterson.

BURKE: No, not before I

HARE: Burke! That's a direct instruction from the good Doctor Knox. There's nothing I can do about it.

BURKE: Well, couldn't we have the money up front? That way at least I can pay Mary

HARE: God! Sometimes you even disgust me, Burke.

BURKE: Flesh is weak, Hare.

HARE: Yeah, I know. And yours is weaker than most.

DOCTOR: Surgeon's Square. Always a good sign. Ah. And a house that wasn't there before.

Curiouser and curiouser.

(Door opens.)

KNOX: The Doctor, I presume. I've been expecting you. Spied you from the window. Nothing supernatural, I assure you.

DOCTOR: Doctor Knox, at last. Talking of supernatural, I thought I was the Hyde to your Jekyll.

KNOX: You spotted that, did you? Rather neat, I thought.

(Door closes.)

KNOX: Actually, I'm rather disappointed. Thought the old penny would have dropped immediately.

DOCTOR: It did, Doctor, it did. I'm surprised at you. Know thy enemy, for that is what I am.

KNOX: Oh yes, of course. That, shall we say, mature lady you have alighted upon for a travelling companion. Bit slow on the uptake, was she?

DOCTOR: And you were rather noticeable by your absence.

KNOX: Indeed, Doctor, indeed I was. Apologies. Urgent business, you understand. It is agreeable to have everything about one when travelling, don't you find? Oh, but I forgot. Your old thing isn't quite as welcoming as my model, it is? So twentieth century, Doctor. Hardly befitting a man of your standing, I would have thought.

DOCTOR: She's perfectly serviceable, thank you very much.

KNOX: But palpably not a home, Doctor. Not a home.

DOCTOR: Now look here. You think you have a right to get preachy with me, Knox? If that is your name.

KNOX: Right? You talk to me about right? I have the right to do what I damn well please. And please, Doctor, a name is a name. You never seem to bother about truthful identity, if what I hear is correct.

DOCTOR: Oh, you're just another Time Lord with too much time on his hands.

KNOX: I'm not a Time Lord. Gracious, the arrogance of your people, Doctor. You think you own Time. You don't. You think you control Time. You don't! Others are far, far more adept at that, Doctor. The self-righteous, self-importance of it all.

DOCTOR: You're not a Time Lord?

KNOX: I am not.

DOCTOR: But you have a Tardis.

KNOX: You don't have the monopoly, as I'm sure you've gathered over the years and years.

DOCTOR: At least mine was not stolen.

KNOX: Oh, indeed? Nor was mine. I got it, well, second-hand, from a Nekkistan dealer on Gryben. Apparently it was just lying around, he said. It's Mark 70, I think. Very swish.

DOCTOR: Operating a Tardis is not for amateurs.

KNOX: Oh, Tardises, Time Rings, Time Portals, they're all the same to me. You Time Lords, you're archaic, old-fashioned, out of touch, out of time. Time travel can be bought like anything else.

DOCTOR: Oh, so it's money, is it?

KNOX: It's the centre of existence, Doctor. Mind you, I'm a humanitarian.

DOCTOR: Really? I find that extremely hard to believe.

KNOX: I am a doctor of medicine. There is a code concerning such qualifications, you know. My duty is to help the needy and cure the sick. If I can make a tidy profit into the bargain, what's so wrong about that?

DOCTOR: People are dying, Knox.

KNOX: Come now, Doctor. People die every day. Life is wasted on them. Death, however, is not. It's their bodies. They are a gift to me.

DOCTOR: Who's paying you?

KNOX: Now, now, Doctor. That sort of information is highly classified. It's like charity work. I just don't talk about it. Suffice to say that it's a race of, well, a race who desperately need help. I am helping.

DOCTOR: For a cost.

KNOX: Of course.

DOCTOR: And what is the nature of this research? Your silence isn't filling me with confidence. I don't believe there is any medical basis for your experiments. You are just another sick Time Meddler playing at god.

KNOX: Creatures are dying, Doctor, or have you forgotten all about compassion?

DOCTOR: Oh, I know about compassion. It's obsession that leaves me cold. As cold as those poor

unfortunates in your surgery.

KNOX: Their planet has been hit by a flu virus. Their immunity system has been completely wiped out, and as a result, they are being wiped out accordingly. I am available to assist, if the price is right.

DOCTOR: Like some charlatan healer selling bottles of hair restorer for two dollars a throw.

KNOX: That's an easy barb to aim at me. If I can help somebody

DOCTOR: It seems to me the only person you are helping around here is yourself. You claim you are a man of medicine. You claim you're a man of charity. You claim to understand the huge consequences your actions could trigger. All that adds up to, in my humble opinion, is a financially rewarding ego trip.

(Screams and breaking glass. Difficult to hear Jamie and Mary in the mayhem.)

EVELYN: Mary! Jamie!

JAMIE: Doctor's lady, help Mary.

EVELYN: I've never been so pleased to see the police in all my life. Officer, unhand me. What on Earth are you doing? Mary! Jamie!

JAMIE: Doctor's lady!

EVELYN: What about the Doctor? You must tell the Doctor. Tell the Doctor everything. Mary, promise me. Tell him the truth. Sit tight, Mary. Sit tight. Believe in the Doctor. You filthy beast.

DOCTOR: So, if I am to believe your intentions are at least in some way honourable, why on Earth Mary Patterson?

KNOX: Mary's fate is sealed, alas. It was sealed the moment I gave her the virus.

DOCTOR: That's why they have to die?

KNOX: The antibodies contained in the bloodstream of my employers are similar to that of the common or garden adult human being. And the more common, the better. Handy, that, yes? Ironically, in appearance the two are completely different. If that wasn't the case, I'm sure one or two of their stronger brethren would have made the journey themselves. But they are dear creatures, rather concerned about frightening the lab rats, as it were. Hence my involvement. I'm totally trustworthy, of course.

DOCTOR: Oh, totally.

KNOX: Sadly, once subjected to the full-blown strain of this flu virus, the usefulness of the human body for surgical knowledge is completely lost. Once the life is cut short, the virus isn't long in joining it.

DOCTOR: So why the grave-robbing?

KNOX: Not all the bodies are abandoned. I am fascinated by all sorts of research. And besides, I have to contrast the effect of the virus on both living and dead human tissue. Like I say, the dead have nothing to fear from it.

DOCTOR: How reassuring.

KNOX: I sense your cavalier desire to halt any event not within your own time-bending remit slightly lessening. Regardless of what you think, Mary dies tonight.

DOCTOR: What if Mary doesn't die tonight?

KNOX: That will be a consequence squarely resting on your shoulders, Doctor.

(Banging on door.)

EVELYN: Hello? Anyone there? Officer? My name is Evelyn Smythe, and I'm a doc. No, perhaps not. Not a good idea in the early 1800s to tell the world you're an educated professional, Evelyn.

(Door unlocked and opened.)

EVELYN: Oh, at last. Thank you. Let me speak to someone in authority, please. I think there's been a terrible misunderstanding. You see, I'm a traveller from England. Well, in a roundabout sort of way.

(Sweeping up broken glass.)

MARY: The Last Drop. Aye, it could well be.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: What on Earth has happened here?

MARY: Oh, just the usual Saturday night in Edinburgh, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I appreciate that some of the clientèle wouldn't relish last orders being called, but this is beyond expectations. Hmm, I would sit down if I could find a chair that still functions as a seat and not kindling.

MARY: There's been a bit of friction in the air, Doctor. Can't you tell?

DOCTOR: Oh, quite. Where's Evelyn?

JAMIE: Doctor's lady gone.

DOCTOR: Gone? Gone where, Jamie?

JAMIE: Taken away for being bad. Lady was bad.

MARY: Hardly that, Doctor. She was arrested. Arrested for disturbing the peace.

JAMIE: Was bad.

DOCTOR: Don't tell me Evelyn did this?

MARY: She got caught up in the fun, Doctor. Quite sweet really. I suppose she was doing it for me. I should be touched. It's like she saved my life, in a way.

DOCTOR: Has Knox been here?

MARY: Doctor Knox? I thought you were with him, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I was, I was. But anything is possible, I would imagine.

MARY: You weren't *with* him, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Of course I was. I said so, didn't I? Right. First things first. Evelyn's where, exactly?

MARY: So how could Knox be in two places at once?

DOCTOR: Where's Evelyn!

JAMIE: She's been bad. In the place where bad people go.

MARY: I told you once, Jamie. She's not been bad. Although she is in a place where bad people go.

JAMIE: Jamie knew that.

DOCTOR: Ah. Well, I presume custody is relatively safe at the moment.

MARY: Let's put it this way, Doctor. She's certainly safer than Mister Burke is.

DOCTOR: Oh, they finally caught up with him? Interesting.

MARY: Hare and Burke. Although Hare was precious. I think I misjudged him.

DOCTOR: Hare? Precious?

MARY: He defended me.

JAMIE: Hare bad.

MARY: Hare defended me, Jamie. He and Burke come in together. Burke looked dreadful. That's nothing surprising. Anyway, they were drinking. Burke was drinking a lot. He had words with Hare and they started to fight. Well, all the others joined in, punching and biting and smashing and crashing.

JAMIE: Smashing.

MARY: You know the sort of thing. Anyway, Burke was trying to kill me.

DOCTOR: What, here? In public? That just doesn't make sense.

MARY: As the Lord is my witness. That's what Hare reckoned, anyway. He was going to kill me, and Hare stopped him. Hare's all right, really.

DOCTOR: Mary, think for a moment. This is Hare telling you all this.

MARY: Why should he lie?

DOCTOR: I don't know. This is all wrong. Hare informs on Burke, that's true, but both men should have been arrested.

MARY: But both *were* arrested, Doctor. Hare told them everything. Like what you said about body-snatching and all that. Burke was protesting, but what could he do? Hare told the truth. That's the right thing to do, isn't it?

JAMIE: Not always, is it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Perhaps not, Jamie. This is all wrong, historically speaking.

MARY: They're both inside, Doctor. What more do you want? It's safe for God-fearing people and me to walk the streets at night again.

DOCTOR: But it shouldn't be. You should be dead.

MARY: You stand there and say those horrid things to me? You don't know what's going on. You ask for my help and my trust. Why should I bother? Tell me that.

DOCTOR: Mary, I'm pleading with you. You have to come with me. I can't be in two places at once. Well, maybe sometimes. But this is crucial! You have to be with me. You may need my protection.

MARY: Oh, and who's going to protect me from you, Doctor? Answer me that. You want to cut me about, maybe? Well, not this girl. Not this time. And now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I've got a living to make.

JAMIE: Mary? Mary! Mary!

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: She'll be back, Jamie. She's made up her mind. She's chosen to walk in the mist. It makes life less complicated, I'm sure.

JAMIE: But Jamie afraid, Doctor. Doctor bad.

DOCTOR: No. No, you have to trust me, Jamie.

JAMIE: Doctor friend.

DOCTOR: Yes, Jamie. Doctor is your friend.

JAMIE: I trust Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you, my boy. I think you're the only one.

(Door opens.)

EVELYN: Oh, trust you, Doctor. You missed all the fun.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn, for Heaven's sake, what do you think you're doing? Are you alone? Are you telling me you've been walking through the streets alone?

EVELYN: Well, the police may have released me, but I didn't think I'd push my luck and ask for an escort back to the scene of my crime. That was a joke, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Funny. Didn't you appreciate that I would be concerned?

EVELYN: Why, Doctor? Knox was safely with you. He's the only one I don't much care for, quite frankly. Body-snatchers I can take or leave, now, but scientists? Huh. You never know what they're thinking.

DOCTOR: Well, this one was thinking about you.

EVELYN: I didn't know you cared, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Evelyn. Mary told us about the old woman released from police custody and subsequently killed. Think, will you?

EVELYN: Me? Oh, that's charming, isn't it? I would never dream of mentioning just how old *you* are, Doctor. I wouldn't be that rude.

DOCTOR: That victim, the old woman released by the police, her identity has never been discovered. She could have been anybody. From any time. You understand?

EVELYN: All right, Doctor. My feminine sensibilities have been rebuffed enough not to be too concerned by your free-flowing insults, however well meant they may have been. To be honest, I think they arrested me for my own protection, anyway. Burke went berserk. Not like him, I should have thought.

DOCTOR: But he's a body-snatcher.

EVELYN: I told you, I can take them or leave them. I'm immune.

DOCTOR: And a murderer.

EVELYN: All right, all right, Doctor. I know. But I warmed to him, really. He was quite vulnerable.

DOCTOR: While he was trying to murder Mary.

EVELYN: Murder Mary? You mean Hare.

JAMIE: Hare. Hare.

EVELYN: That's right, Jamie. It was Hare, wasn't it?

JAMIE: Hare. Hare.

DOCTOR: Hare?

EVELYN: Of course. Burke was trying to hold Hare off her. He tried to strangle her. Not exactly the most clever of attempted murders in the annals of crime, I shouldn't have thought.

DOCTOR: But Mary said it was Burke.

EVELYN: Well, she was wrong. I told her to tell you the truth, didn't I, Jamie?

JAMIE: Mary heard you. Mary tell it wrong. Mary always tell it wrong. Jamie keep quiet. Jamie keep very quiet. That way people never shout at Jamie. Jamie doesn't like shouts.

EVELYN: Burke looked so sad, though, as though all the spirit had been kicked out of him.

DOCTOR: Like an obsolete part of the machinery.

EVELYN: If you like, Doctor. Well, what's going on here?

DOCTOR: Jamie?

JAMIE: Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Can you be very helpful to the Doctor and go outside for a moment?

JAMIE: Outside?

DOCTOR: Yes, my boy. The Doctor doesn't like shouts either. Maybe you can keep an ear or two open for them? Yes?

JAMIE: You're a funny man, Doctor. Jamie like Doctor.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Right. This is very bad, Evelyn. If Burke is going to hang for his crimes, Time has been fast-forwarded, a few chapters have been jumped, and anything could happen.

EVELYN: Oh, Burke'll hang, all right.

DOCTOR: But not Hare.

EVELYN: That's the way the story should go, isn't it, Doctor? I thought you'd be relieved.

DOCTOR: Relieved?

EVELYN: And Hare turned out to have the luck of the Irish after all.

DOCTOR: What are you saying?

EVELYN: I'm saying he shopped poor Burke, Burke admitted everything, and Hare was free to go.

DOCTOR: You mean Hare is out of prison already?

EVELYN: Naturally.

DOCTOR: Then I'm afraid we're too late.

EVELYN: For what? I couldn't go through another brawl like tonight.

DOCTOR: No, we're too late to save Mary.

EVELYN: She's dead?

DOCTOR: Highly likely, I'm sorry to say. But she was so stupid.

EVELYN: Oh, there still may be time.

DOCTOR: Time is something I just don't seem to have a firm grasp on any more. It's Knox, Evelyn. A self-important man like that with his twisted ideas of nobility, of decency, and with the power of Time travel, it just doesn't

EVELYN: Time travel?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, yes, it seems his abode is also a Tardis. Bit like ours, really.

EVELYN: Bet you wish your one was as nice as his.

DOCTOR: Knox doesn't understand Time at all. He's a profiteer standing on the shoulders of giants.

EVELYN: Don't the good folk of Edinburgh get a bit confused when a hunk of brick and mortar is suddenly not there?

DOCTOR: I don't think the good folk of Edinburgh have a clue what's going on. So a house goes missing. So what? They have the limited attention span of a goldfish in a bowl. And on the outside, with nose firmly pressed against the glass, ghoulishly looking in and observing, is Knox. He's a force for destruction. And I'm afraid Mary is in the line of fire.

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Goldfish bowl. Of course. How could I have missed all the clues?

JAMIE: No one gets out, no one can shout, no one can shout when the Doctor's about. (laughs) No one gets out, no one can shout

(Woman's scream off.)

JAMIE: Mary, stop shouting. Doctor won't like it if you shout, Mary. Mary. More blood, Mary. Why more blood, Mary? Mary? Mary! Mary!

(Door opens.)

JAMIE: Doctor! A shout outside.

DOCTOR: All right, Jamie, all right. Who is shouting? The shout. Is it Mary?

JAMIE: (crying) Mary shout. Mary won't be back.

DOCTOR: I know.

JAMIE: This is how it always happens.

EVELYN: What?

JAMIE: Jamie always loses his friends.

EVELYN: It's happened before?

DOCTOR: Jamie? Can you see beyond the mist?

JAMIE: The mist I see, I see through the mist.

DOCTOR: Knox is playing this particular experiment over and over again. It's only Jamie, Jamie's unique mental position, that can pierce the truth, see within Knox's great scheme of things.

EVELYN: What is this mist thing, then?

DOCTOR: Immune.

EVELYN: Sorry?

DOCTOR: You said it earlier. Immune. I was only half listening. I often do that.

EVELYN: Thank you very much.

DOCTOR: Will you stop being so precious about everything and listen? Immunity. This is all tied up with Knox's experiments with some lethal flu virus that he's given to all the adults.

EVELYN: I've had the jab.

DOCTOR: But has Mary?

EVELYN: I hate to state the obvious, Doctor, but now who's getting his Time lines all confused. Little bit early for the NHS.

DOCTOR: Maybe Mary didn't need a jab. Maybe none of them did. You're right, Evelyn. We might still have time.

(Door opens.)

OLD WOMAN: Murder! Cold blooded murder!

EVELYN: Doctor.

OLD WOMAN: Murder!

DOCTOR: And then again, we might not. Mary Patterson?

OLD WOMAN: Yes, sir. Oh, I'm so sorry, sir. I saw her on my way to sell my apples in the market. She's in a terrible way, sir. Dead she is, sir. Murdered!

EVELYN: But Doctor, I told her you were right. I told her to stay here, to be safe.

JAMIE: Be safe.

DOCTOR: You can't outrun inevitability, Evelyn. There's no point in even trying. I was a fool, an utter fool. Of course you weren't in any danger. Goldfish in a bowl, doing the same thing over and over again, but never realising it. This has all been prearranged, preplanned, pre-performed even. We arrived in the middle of a well-rehearsed run-through. This, all this, has already happened. There's nothing I can do to stop it.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR [OC]: Knox!

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Knox, are you home?

KNOX: Good day, Doctor. Back so soon. You were fortunate to find me in. Can I offer you a drink?

DOCTOR: No thank you, I never drink when on duty.

KNOX: Quite right. And anyway, I wouldn't trust the stuff available here. I only keep it on hand for Burke and Hare's sake. They like a sniffer now and again. How about some tea? I allow myself that.

DOCTOR: Mary Patterson is dead.

KNOX: I know. Doctor. I would have thought you would have known that I knew that. You aren't very bright, are you. Dear, oh dear. Reputations are sometimes a massive disappointment, don't you find?

DOCTOR: Absolutely. You, for instance. Not exactly what I was expecting.

KNOX: I'm very pleased to hear it.

DOCTOR: I want an explanation. The truthful explanation, not just the one involving that race of flu-ridden aliens you seem so concerned about.

KNOX: You would weep to see the planet almost desolate. I know you would weep. It's affecting the whole life pattern, you see. The precious life cycle has buckled somewhat.

DOCTOR: As you do nothing.

KNOX: Truth to tell, I'm a showman, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ah ha.

KNOX: I put on a show. I help when I can. But I'm not exactly riddled with guilt if I can't.

DOCTOR: I thought you were a good man, Knox.

KNOX: Oh, undoubtedly the real Robert Knox was a good man, but there are so many of those, don't you find, Doctor? Evil is much more fun. We get all the best lines.

DOCTOR: I hadn't noticed. Quite honestly, I find your braggadocio rather tiring.

KNOX: You don't seem surprised that I'm not Knox. That's to be expected, but your calm demeanour doesn't fool me. I suppose it must be rather refreshing to confront someone who knows more about Time than your good self, Doctor. A Time Lord baffled by Time. Most refreshing.

DOCTOR: Not the word I would have used.

KNOX: Humbling, perhaps.

DOCTOR: You really should get another thesaurus.

KNOX: Oh, Doctor, wit never fails you. This time, it won't be enough, I fear.

DOCTOR: They arrested Burke.

KNOX: Already? Oh, how precipitant. Still, no matter. They are obviously catching on, time after time.

DOCTOR: This isn't the first time you've played this little game, is it?

KNOX: If it's what the punters want, I say let them have it. I'm a showman, Doctor. I told you. A showman, wallowing in the cesspit of human foibles, and I never get my feet wet. It's hardly the greatest show on Earth. It diverts the attention for a moment or two. And no, I haven't completely taken the money and run. I am indeed a scientist.

DOCTOR: Scientist? I doubt you even know the meaning of the word.

KNOX: I had an interest to satisfy. Tragic fact was, the flu virus just didn't thrive in this environment. All this filth and it didn't thrive. It should have done.

DOCTOR: It's just as I thought. Human beings are immune to its effects.

KNOX: Ironic, isn't it. All this way to find a cure for something that can't exist here.

DOCTOR: In this atmosphere, perhaps. This atmosphere could halt the spread of the infection. Or maybe it's the food? Bacteria in the bread, some sort of antibody? It's very easy to bypass if we discover the cause of the problem. What about your investigations, man? Haven't they shown

anything?

KNOX: Not a thing. I thought the food chain was at the core of the problem at first. But it's not what they eat, Doctor, it's who they are. These people, their habits, Heavens, it near made my stomach turn just to smell their carcasses.

BURKE: Let me out of here! Let me out! Please. Please, you have to know the truth. Don't you want to know the truth? Let me out! Well, William, they always told you that you'd end up in a prison cell. Imagine their faces. They must be delighted. Please! Listen to me! I don't want to die. I couldn't help meself. The Devil made me do it. Those devils, Knox and, and Knox. If I ever get out of here. If I ever get out of here, I'll never touch another drop, I promise. And poor Mary. Why should poor Mary have to suffer like that? Well, William Burke won't go down without a fight. I'll pay me price but go out with defiance. I'll give them what they want.

DOCTOR: So what have you learned?

KNOX: My researches reveal that consumption of whisky in large measures denies the virus the foothold it needs. The irony didn't escape me.

DOCTOR: Irony? What irony?

KNOX: Of my own situation. I can't drink the stuff of this time period. It's too strong for me. Oh, I like a tippie now and again back home, but here I feel it would kill me as easy as the virus kills the locals. I have to be exceptionally careful. That's why Burke and Hare do the actual physical work. I can't get too close, literally, to anyone here.

DOCTOR: So alcohol kills the virus. Instant immunity.

KNOX: To those that drink, yes, but teetotallers are so rare around here. I needed to overcome that protection or I'd have run out of test subjects in the first afternoon. The drink doesn't so much kill the virus, Doctor, it simply denies it access to the bloodstream.

DOCTOR: Why do it all? Why try to cultivate an alien flu virus, fail, and try again anyway? Why murder innocent people for no good reason? Why dig up bodies from an Edinburgh graveyard? Why do any of it?

KNOX: I needed the money.

DOCTOR: What money? I know we're not talking about your dying alien friends now, so who is paying you for this whole show, then? Who keeps coming back time and time again to watch you murder, lie, dissect, and then press the reset button?

KNOX: I needed to have time, time to cure. If I kept going through Britain, indeed through the whole planet, sooner or later I'd be caught. I mean, the police are dim, but no one's that dim forever, so I opened up the show, the theatre

DOCTOR: The circus of the grotesque.

KNOX: If you like.

DOCTOR: So out there, somewhere, are paying customers, watching as you manipulate the inhabitants of Edinburgh?

KNOX: Yes. All of whom are contained within a Time barrier. No one can get in or out.

DOCTOR: I did.

KNOX: Ah, you cheated. You have a Tardis.

DOCTOR: Which explains her odd behaviour as we landed. So, here you are, getting Burke and Hare to cut up your victims, then after you've studied them and got nowhere, you press reset and it all starts again, yes?

KNOX: Know your market, Doctor. The customers, the punters, they love this primitive bit of history.

DOCTOR: And whilst you're here making money, your alien friends are still dying.

KNOX: So another species bites the dust. Tragic, but there you go. I've got profit margins to deal with now. I'm talking real headaches for myself.

DOCTOR: Evil shouldn't be a business.

KNOX: Oh, you take all the pleasure out of it.

DOCTOR: Don't you have a moral duty to fulfil your promise?

KNOX: Moral duty? Oh Doctor, you surpass yourself.

(Knock on door.)

KNOX: Ah ha. Perhaps that's the moral minority demanding satisfaction. Or the enraged religious carrying torches and demanding blood.

(Door opens and closes.)

KNOX: Come in! Ah, Mister Hare. How goes the day?

HARE: They got Burke, sir. He's the hangman's for sure.

KNOX: Don't worry, my dear Hare, it's all under control.

HARE: I couldn't help it, sir. He refused to go along with it. He wouldn't kill Mary. He was going to tell her everything.

KNOX: Hare, control yourself. For one thing, he doesn't know everything, does he. Besides, I know all about it. And look, we have an honoured guest with us.

HARE: What's going on?

DOCTOR: I was just leaving.

KNOX: Oh no you weren't. This is my home, Doctor. I shall instruct who comes and goes, and when and where they do so. Anyway, you don't know the half of it yet.

HARE: What am I going to do, sir? I've done the job like you say, but look at me.

KNOX: Yes, blood red was never your colour.

HARE: They're sure to discover the body, sir. I couldn't drag her off the street. I didn't have time.

KNOX: Time is of little concern to you. Your job is done, Hare. Clear off, there's a good chap, and don't be a stranger.

HARE: Right, sir. But what about

KNOX: I'll take care of everything this end, Hare. It's only a matter of fine tweaking here and there, and nothing too arduous. I quite enjoy it really. Back to basics and all that.

HARE: Thank you, sir. Goodbye, Doctor. Hope you enjoyed yourself.

DOCTOR: I can't say it's been a pleasure, Hare, but it's been an experience.

HARE: That it has, Doctor. That it has.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: And how much does he know? Is he with you, or just someone suckered into your scheme?

KNOX: He's the real thing, Doctor.

DOCTOR: So Hare is condemned to repeat his crimes for time immemorial?

KNOX: You make it sound like some sort of grand pretence, Doctor. Yes, Hare always comes back. Next time, you could play the Burke role yourself if you wish. It costs a bit more, but I'm sure you'd find it worthwhile. You get to see the lovely Miss Patterson up close and rather more personal. You even get to be in at the kill, Doctor. Imagine that. To actually experience it. Now, would that be a thrill for you?

DOCTOR: How many times can you do this before the elasticity of Time snaps and you do irreparable damage? This is a noted period in Earth's history and you are distorting it.

KNOX: Well, to each his own and all that. We aim to please at the Burke and Hare Experience.

DOCTOR: The Burke and Hare Experience?

KNOX: Yes, I'm so selfless, I know. We toyed with the Knox and Hare Experience, but it just didn't sound right. Still, you can't let a little thing like ego get in the way of good business. Burke and Hare are the names people expect, and Burke and Hare they will get. It has a certain ring to it, don't you think?

DOCTOR: This has to be stopped. You're no Time Lord, you're no alien force. You're a human! It's that distinct lack of humanity that gives you away. This is a travesty. Nothing happens here as it should.

KNOX: Nothing? I wouldn't say that. Murder, alcohol, pretty girls. What more does the average tired alien businessman require to watch after a hard day's work? And Earth is just so rich in potential.

DOCTOR: You're exploiting unwitting individuals and human depravity.

KNOX: Mmm, you have a wonderful turn of phrase. It's just my good fortune to be able to er, how shall I put it? Rewind the tape and do it all again. Wondrous. Is the mist clearing, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Mist? Ah yes, that mist. Some sort of herbal concoction to confuse the mind, no doubt?

KNOX: Not really. I'm sure you more than most have experienced *deja-vu*, Doctor. The mist is manufactured *deja-vu*. A natural by-product of my replaying of Time. The human spirit strains to remember what it has already done. Poor simple beings they are, they just can't figure it out. The mist blocks the memories, the memories become a dream, the mist passes. Almost perfect.

DOCTOR: Not always.

KNOX: Ah yes, that reminds me. You really must excuse me, Doctor. That irritating half-wit Daft Jamie has a date with destiny, or at the very least the restrictive quality of my silk cravat.

DOCTOR: Of course. Jamie was already condemned when I arrived. Before I arrived. Infected like the rest of them. My being here doesn't affect a thing. I walked into a history orchestrated by you.

KNOX: Nicely put.

DOCTOR: But you see, if *you* can pull the strings, then so can I. I can defeat you, and I can save Jamie.

KNOX: (laughs) You've become rather fond of the whining idiot.

DOCTOR: He's a fine boy.

KNOX: Oh, be serious, Doctor. A fine boy? He's a street urchin with as much right to live as a rabbit caught in a trap. Is this another case of your humanity showing, Doctor? A person of your intellect and experiences wasting time on creatures like Daft Jamie. Oh well, I can't waste a moment. My time is precious even if yours has lost all meaning. You can see yourself out, can't you? I do hate goodbyes.

DOCTOR: This isn't goodbye, Knox. Not by a long chalk.

(Door opens and closes.)

KNOX: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law, Doctor.

JAMIE: Jamie misses Mary.

EVELYN: I know, Jamie. I miss her too. This is just typical of the Doctor, just rushing off without a by your leave. I just don't understand him at all. One minute he couldn't care less, the next minute he's shocked over what he knew was going to happen.

(Tavern door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: We have to leave. Immediately.

EVELYN: The next minute he's dragging you back out of Time.

JAMIE: Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Jamie, listen to me. You trust the Doctor, don't you?

JAMIE: Yes, of course. Jamie trust Doctor.

DOCTOR: In that case, you have to believe in what I'm doing. You have to come with Evelyn and me.

JAMIE: Go with the Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes.

JAMIE: Jamie go with the Doctor. Jamie go with the Doctor. Will we be able to find Mary?

DOCTOR: I really hope not.

JAMIE: But Mary Jamie's friend.

DOCTOR: Come on, this is the only way to put an end to it.

EVELYN: What is the only way?

DOCTOR: To leave. All three of us, now.

EVELYN: Why the rush? He can't do anything to us, you did say so.

DOCTOR: It's not us I'm concerned about. Hurry up, Jamie. There's no time, there's just no time.

JAMIE: Jamie's running as hard as he can, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Right, you two, inside.

JAMIE: Jamie doesn't like the tunnels, Doctor. Mary told me there's bad things in the tunnels.

DOCTOR: Mary was probably right, Jamie, but trust me, you'll be safe in the tunnels. Down the steps. Hurry.

EVELYN: Are we just going to sit in this dark and dank hell-hole and hope Knox doesn't find us? Not very sensible, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, we are leaving and Jamie's coming with us.

EVELYN: You mean leaving leaving? In the Tardis leaving?

DOCTOR: Unless you have a more reliable mode of transport. In here, Jamie.

(Tardis door opens and closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

JAMIE: Oh, innit big?

DOCTOR: Yes, it's a special kind of Doctor magic. Just our little secret.

JAMIE: Secret.

DOCTOR: Don't tell anybody.

JAMIE: No, Doctor. Jamie won't tell anybody. Jamie doesn't have anybody to tell.

DOCTOR: Good boy.

EVELYN: Doctor, a quick word. Isn't it breaking some sort of law of Time by removing Jamie from his usual place in the proceedings. I mean, correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't this the sort of thing you don't usually do?

DOCTOR: Correct.

EVELYN: But

DOCTOR: Believe me, Evelyn. Don't ask.

EVELYN: But Doctor, in words of one syllable, can you explain to me how someone who's scheduled to die within his time here can be whipped out and rocketed into, well, I don't know, twenty fourth century Outer Mongolia?

DOCTOR: Evelyn, you and I are outside of the events within this Burke and Hare nightmare. This time continuum is not our natural place to be, right?

EVELYN: Right.

DOCTOR: Well, the fact that Jamie is here with us may just be the way to push everything off its axis. It might create a bit of Time turbulence, but everything should slip back into place once we're gone.

EVELYN: But he still died, Doctor. History tells us that.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes it does.

(Weird noises.)

JAMIE: Jamie doesn't like loud noises.

DOCTOR: Ah, no, she's singing, Jamie.

JAMIE: I like singing.

DOCTOR: Good. Good.

EVELYN: So who is Knox really? I take it he's not the real one.

DOCTOR: All he wants is money. That's all there is to it. He's created an entertainment, a peep show for the galaxy's dirty old men in raincoats. He may hide under the pretence that he's out to save an alien race, but he'll charge them through the nose for the cure eventually. He loves profit almost as much as he loves the sound of his own voice. But yes, the bottom line is money.

(More weird noises.)

EVELYN: What's that, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Ah. Short jump into the future. Twenty eighth January 1829, to be precise. Out of his self-imposed time bubble.

EVELYN: We'll miss Christmas.

DOCTOR: If my calculations are correct, that's not the only thing we'll miss. Jamie, hold on tight. The magic may cause a few bumps here and there. Don't be frightened.

JAMIE: Jamie not frightened when the Doctor's around. (coughs) Where are we going?

DOCTOR: We're not *going* anywhere, Jamie. We are staying exactly where we are. Everything else is just moving forward a little bit without us, that's all.

JAMIE: That sounds funny. Jamie is out of his mist.

DOCTOR: That's right. My magic can beat any old mist, you know.

EVELYN: What's the mist he keeps going on about?

DOCTOR: More Knox trickery. He's human, but a human with centuries of knowledge.

EVELYN: He seems quite confident.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, he's very confident. All madmen are confident. Give them a bit of encouragement and something will slip. I, my dear Evelyn, understand Time. Knox just thinks he does. Ah, readings look promising.

EVELYN: I never doubted you.

DOCTOR: Scanner showing complete darkness. Reassuring, for a change. Come on, then. Let's join the crowd.

EVELYN: Crowd?

DOCTOR: Well, if history's back on track, there should be a screaming mob above us. Enough to deafen out the time rumblings of Knox, that's for sure. Right, everybody out. Don't be afraid of the dark, Jamie. This is a new beginning.

(Tardis doors open.)

JAMIE: Jamie close eyes. Darkness.

DOCTOR: It's only the tunnel, Jamie. Now, we were here a minute ago, you remember?

JAMIE: Jamie not look at the dark. Jamie not like it. Jamie not like the dark!

EVELYN: It's all right. Hold my hand. I'll guide you out.

DOCTOR: No! No, Evelyn. No. Take my hand, Jamie.

(Noisy mob.)

DOCTOR: Ah, capital. There you are, a beautiful winter's morning. A sharp bite in the Scottish air. The perfect setting, in fact, for a public hanging.

EVELYN: Doctor, it's William Burke.

DOCTOR: Of course it's William Burke. This is the end, Evelyn. The end of Burke and Hare. The end of the performance.

BURKE: What. no silken rope? You disappoint an infamous man. One of Ireland's finest, and no pomp and circumstance? Come on, rejoice. Savour my death, my friends, as I will savour yours. See you in Hell. See you in Hell!

DOCTOR: He's certainly milking his exit. I really do believe he's learnt something.

EVELYN: But where's Hare?

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't really care. He's always got away with it. History's safe. He turned King's Evidence on his old business partner and took flight from Scotland. If I know Knox, and I think I do,

he's arranged for him to find a safe exile somewhere. I expect Hare is at this very moment happily sat with his feet up at his old lodging house or something very like it, except the year is probably 2239 or 1759, and not 1829. One day, Hare will be back here where he belongs, as long as Knox needs him. As long as people pay, then other people must die.

EVELYN: Aren't you going to put an end to all this? Isn't that what you're supposed to be about?

DOCTOR: Yes.

JAMIE: Jamie like this. Jamie find Mary.

DOCTOR: No, Jamie, I told you before. We won't find Mary. Mary is dead.

JAMIE: But need to tell Mary, Jamie famous.

DOCTOR: Yes.

JAMIE: Doctor, listen to Jamie. Jamie famous.

EVELYN: What do you mean, Jamie?

CROWD: This is for Daft Jamie's sake. For Jamie.

JAMIE: Jamie famous. Jamie famous!

CROWD: Daft Jamie will have his revenge.

JAMIE: Listen, Doctor. Jamie famous. Jamie famous!

KNOX: I think you will find history slipping back into my place.

DOCTOR: Knox.

KNOX: We meet again, Doctor. I'm glad you could stick around to see that the element of Jamie is still good for something. You see, Jamie, you can be in two places at once. You are here in front of me, and you are also wrapped in a sack in my surgery. The wonders of science.

JAMIE: A sack?

KNOX: Yes, Jamie. A really dark sack.

DOCTOR: Don't worry, Jamie. It's all part of the magic.

KNOX: You have a clear choice, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hmm? I do?

JAMIE: This is my home.

EVELYN: I know, Jamie, but we'll have to move on. You want to stay with the Doctor and me, move on to bright new worlds, bright new places.

DOCTOR: Evelyn.

KNOX: For a man of science, you are not very observant, are you. Have you not noticed poor Daft Jamie's cough?

DOCTOR: Of course. After all, you gave him the flu virus, and Jamie was the only human in your game who doesn't drink.

KNOX: The immunity system

DOCTOR: Failed to block the sickness, I'm afraid. Well, it isn't an immunity system as such. While it persists in rejecting the violent strain of the virus, it cannot take full hold. It remains dormant, but it is still there.

EVELYN: And the difference is?

DOCTOR: The difference is if Jamie here has the flu virus, then he will become a breeding ground, a contagious carrier who will have the power to affect everybody and everything about him. Jamie, shake hands with a man who's made you famous.

KNOX: What? No, get off.

JAMIE: Jamie thanks you. Jamie famous. (coughs) Jamie travel with the Doctor and Evelyn.

DOCTOR: I noticed, Knox. Noticed how you didn't touch anyone, anyone you'd infected, just in case. That's why I needed to check you were human. And when you said you avoided alcohol, I realised that you have no immunity.

KNOX: I can go back to my researches.

DOCTOR: What, with the headache that you've got? The aches that'll start going through your muscles?

JAMIE: Aches. I ache too.

EVELYN: Oh, oh no. Oh, Jamie.

DOCTOR: If you spent less time talking and more listening as I did, you'd have seen this coming. I needed to draw you away out of your Time bubble, so what happens here can't be rewound. I imagine by now your paying guests from barely a month ago are wondering why the show has stopped.

KNOX: You, you deliberately infected me?

DOCTOR: You discussed, even mocked, my humanity, Doctor Knox, but as I'm often at pains to remind Evelyn here, I'm not human. Not remotely. And although I may share certain moral traits with her, I can also go off in very different directions.

JAMIE: Doctor, I'm very hot.

DOCTOR: I know, I know.

JAMIE: Jamie so tired.

EVELYN: He's getting weaker and weaker.

DOCTOR: Don't touch him, Evelyn. Please.

KNOX: I can just as easily go back inside the Time bubble, find a cure.

DOCTOR: No, you can't. Your body has no resistance at all to this flu virus. It's not natural, it's alien. If I were you, I'd jump into your stolen Tardis and get off this planet now. And I'd bypass your peep show and your alien employers, because they'll be out to get you by now. No one likes getting ripped off. That's the trouble with bad businessmen, you can cheat the rubes only for so long, then they fight back.

KNOX: Damn you, Doctor. You and I will meet again, I promise you.

DOCTOR: Oh, I hope so.

EVELYN: What is this flu virus?

DOCTOR: Oh, it's a long story. Suffice to say, this world at this time isn't ready for it.

EVELYN: You?

DOCTOR: Oh, it doesn't affect me. My biological make-up is different.

EVELYN: And you knew this how?

DOCTOR: I didn't. I gambled.

EVELYN: But you could have

DOCTOR: Yes, I know I could, but I didn't.

(The crowd is cheering in the background.)

EVELYN: That was very brave.

DOCTOR: Yes. Well

(A Tardis dematerialises in the distance.)

DOCTOR: And off Knox goes. Come on, Jamie.

JAMIE: The Doctor carrying Jamie. I'm light, yeah?

DOCTOR: Yes, Jamie, light as a feather. Come on, back to the Tardis.

JAMIE: Jamie doesn't like the tunnels. Tunnels dark.

DOCTOR: No buts, Jamie. We have to go back to where you came from.

JAMIE: But I came from here.

DOCTOR: This isn't your time. You can't stay here. I'm sorry.

JAMIE: But Doctor, going back, will Jamie still be famous?

DOCTOR: Yes, Jamie. You'll still be famous.

EVELYN: We have to, don't we, so history can go back on track, so Burke and Hare can (pause) deal with Jamie, yes?

DOCTOR: We have to go back.

JAMIE: I go home, I find Mary.

DOCTOR: Maybe you will, my boy. And take care of that cough. You might take a nip of whisky on occasion. Just a nip to keep out the cold.

JAMIE: What?

DOCTOR: No matter. Here we are, back at the Tardis, Jamie. In we go.

(Tardis door opens and closes, Tardis dematerialises.)

EVELYN: He won't find Mary, will he?

DOCTOR: Mary's already dead, Evelyn. So is Jamie. That's the point. They're trapped in an ever-repeating re-enactment of the last few weeks of their lives. Jamie will find Mary again, and lose her again, and be murdered by Burke and Hare like he should be. Like history tells us.

EVELYN: But I thought history was history, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It will be now. It might take a day or two to settle down, but without Knox there it'll eventually sort itself out.

EVELYN: And Knox?

DOCTOR: Oh, evil will go on. Whatever I may do, evil will always go on.

EVELYN: And you told me this was important for medical science.

DOCTOR: So it was.

EVELYN: I didn't think you were supposed to get attached to your lab rats.

DOCTOR: Jamie's different. An honourable name, that. A very honourable name for an honourable boy.

(The Tardis materialises. Doors open.)

DOCTOR: Well, we're here, Jamie. It'll be Christmas soon.

JAMIE: Will you come? Jamie afraid of the dark tunnels,

DOCTOR: We're not in the tunnels now, Jamie. We're just standing in the shadows of the Castle. Can you find your way back to Mary er The Last Drop by yourself?

JAMIE: From the Castle? Of course I can. Jamie not that daft.

EVELYN: I can't hug him goodbye, can I?

DOCTOR: No. Goodnight, sweet prince.

JAMIE: Bye Doctor friend. Bye Evelyn.

EVELYN: I'm getting the hang of this now. If I know you, and the way Time works, you've dropped him off at exactly the right moment.

DOCTOR: Burke and Hare are just a few yards away. We should go. Jamie is about to become famous.

EVELYN: Well, I understand why. I just don't like it.

DOCTOR: Neither do I. But look at it this way. Jamie's got what he always wanted, a place in history, a place in people's hearts. A place in mine, and yours.

(Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)